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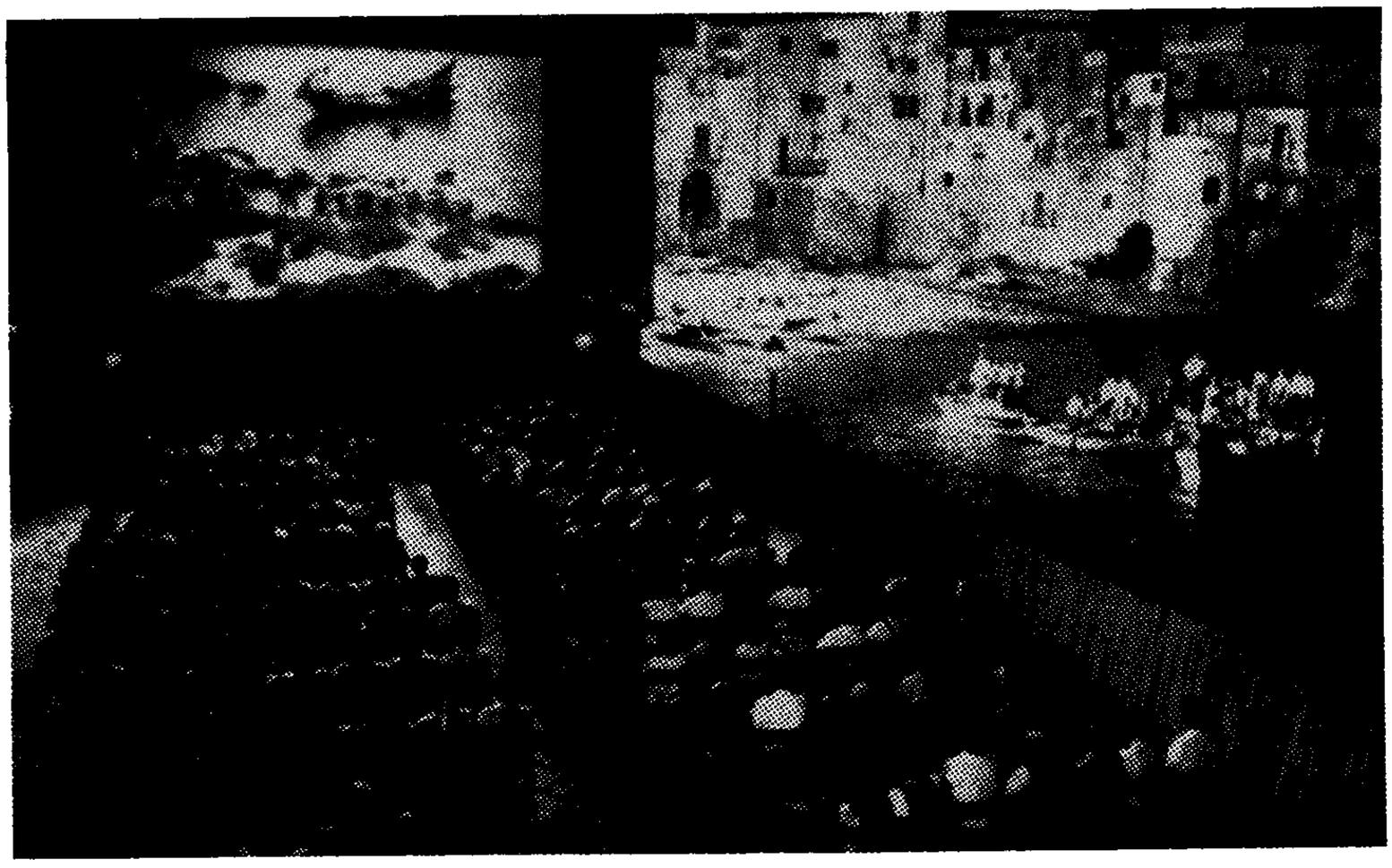

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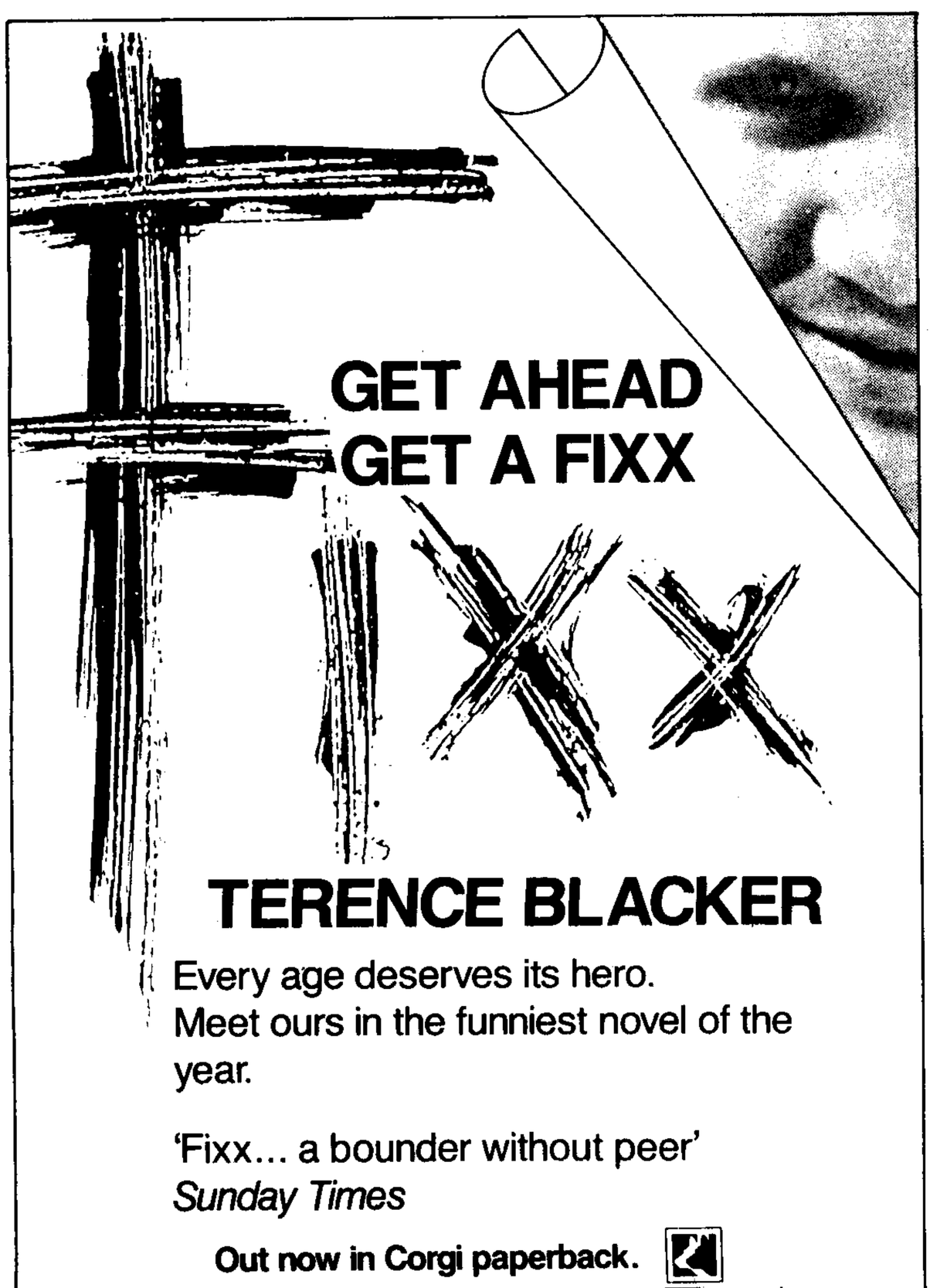
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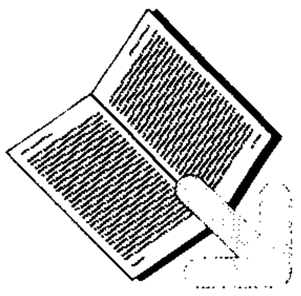

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COLOUR SECTION

CLOCKWORK ORANGE

THE GREAT mystery of the Colin Wallace affair is why the Ministry of Defence broke one of its oldest rules and admitted years of routine lying to the public.

At the centre of the answer is Sir Michael Quinlan, stern moralistic Roman Catholic who recently took over as permanent secretary. Quinlan was at first irritated by the habit of Tam Dalyell, the dogged Labour MP for Linlithgow, of sending him all the questions, speeches and complaints in the Commons on the Wallace affair. What shocked Quinlan's Christian conscience was the suggestion that men in his own ministry had deliberately sanctioned widespread child abuse at the Kincora Boys' Home just because its "housefather" and abuser-in-chief was an intelligence agent.

As reported in the *Guardian* on 23 October, Quinlan had ordered a very full inquiry into the whole Wallace affair. It was this inquiry which forced rather shamefaced junior officials to produce to Quinlan the two documents (the first last July; the second last September) which proved that at least six government ministers, the secretary of state for defence and the prime minister had been deceiving the House of Commons about Wallace for at least two years.

The inquiry also proved that Sir Michael's nightmare had come true, and that at least four top MoD people had known about the Kincora scandal and had done nothing to stop it. Sir Michael was horrified and called his top officials together to decide what to do.

Here the trouble started. Sir Michael wanted a full judicial inquiry. He thought he could persuade his minister, Tom King, to set one up and he calculated that a full inquiry with powers of subpoena (and with the ability to sit in secret) would stop the bloodhounds of the media at least until the inquiry issued its report. One big bold decision, reckoned Quinlan, would be the best way to deal with the matter and to stop rumour-mongering in the newspapers and in *Private Eye*.

He was greeted on all sides with shouts of dismay. A clutch of under-secretaries moaned and groaned about the "security considerations" of such an inquiry. When the discussion was taken even higher — to the Cabinet office, the moans and groans turned into cries of anguish.

Christopher Curwen, security coordinator to the Cabinet, was one hundred percent opposed to a judicial inquiry. He insisted that any inquiry at all into Kincora or the Wilson plot allegations of Wallace would be a disaster for MI5, whose morale was already very low.

On Curwen's side was Sir Robin Butler, Secretary to the Cabinet, who put aside his friendship with Quinlan (the two men regularly play squash together) to clamour for a compromise. The compromise, when it came, was hideous. The MoD agreed to set up a small inquiry into how Colin Wallace was sacked in 1975, indicating that he may have been right when he said he was only doing his usual job passing on false information to journalists. The thinking was that Wallace would graciously accept this inquiry, especially if mention was made of the magic word "compensation". Thus Michael Marshall, Arundel's Tory MP, was "prompted" to ask a written question about Wallace and the inquiry was set up in reply to it. The reply made it clear that the inquiry would have nothing to do with Kincora or the Wilson plot.

The compromise has brought on the Government at least two weeks of constant hostile publicity and one of its worst setbacks in a decade. Sir Michael Quinlan's "I told you so" can be heard from one end of the squash courts to the other.

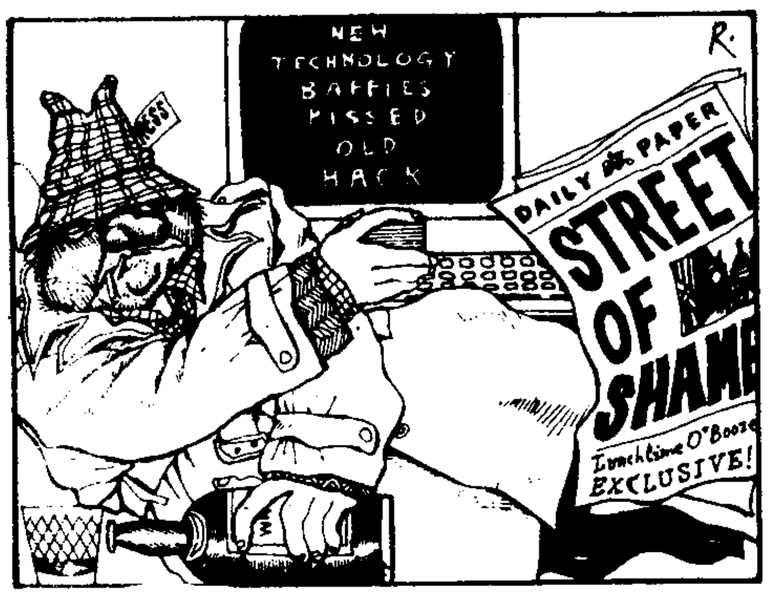
PETER BRODERICK, former information policy chief for the MoD in Northern Ireland has now "gone public" about the threat to him from his former ministry bosses who warned him that his career would suffer if he spoke up for Colin Wallace at the Civil Service Appeal Board in 1975 after Wallace had been sacked.

Until he gave evidence for Wallace, Broderick had been a high flier in civil service information. He went into the Central Office of Information as a (very young) senior information officer in 1959. He was promoted to principal information officer and served under Tony Benn in the "super" Ministry of Technology in 1969. In 1972 he was promoted to deputy director of public relations for the army, and when he went to Northern Ireland in 1973 he was the top civilian in the entire army information department.

Almost as soon as he came back from Northern Ireland in late 1974 he was promoted again: to chief information officer "A" at the Department of the Environment. Then, in November 1974, came the Wallace appeal and Broderick's crucial evidence to it. Almost at once Broderick's civil service career went into a steep decline. In early 1976, he was shifted sideways and put in charge of the tiny press office at the Ministry for Overseas Development. There he languished, unnoticed and unpromoted, for the rest of the Labour government. When the Tories came back, they showed their concern for the underdeveloped countries (and for Peter Broderick) by cutting the information department budget from £3m to £100,000 and Broderick's staff from 15 to 6. He was expected to get the message and he did.

He took early retirement in 1983, when he was only 55.

MANDELA RELEASED...



THERE has been much pious tut-tutting from other newspapers at the *Sindie*'s payment of £100,000 to Salman Rushdie for his "In Good Faith" article. But the size of the fee was not dictated by either Rushdie or the *Sindie*. It was, in fact, the fault of *Observer* editor Donald "Pixie" Trelford.

Before Christmas, *Sindie* literary editor Blake Morrison spoke to his friend Rushdie about the possibility of having a piece for the first anniversary of the *fatwa*. Soon afterwards, however, Rushdie's agent Gillon Aitken was invited to lunch by Trelford, who has not forgiven Morrison for defecting from the *Observer* to the *Sindie*. Desperate for a scoop, and flush with the £3 million Tiny Rowland had just given him for "promotion", the Pixie told Aitken that he would pay at least £100,000 to print the thoughts of the beleaguered novelist.

Aitken then had to break the news of Trelford's offer to Morrison at the *Sindie*. He pointed out that he could not very well refuse it if the *Sindie* were paying much less. But if the new paper could match it, they could have the Rushdie article and no further bids from Trelford would be entertained.

Thus was the Pixie thwarted — but not for long. To recoup some of its costs, the *Sindie* sold syndication rights in the article to *Newsweek*, along with a promise that the magazine could have a telephone interview with Rushdie as part of the package. The wily Trelford, in turn, promptly bought syndication rights to *Newsweek*'s interview, which he printed last Sunday — ludicrously billing it as Rushdie's "first interview since he went into hiding". Presumably Trelford hoped that none of his dwindling band of readers had seen the previous week's *Sindie*, which gave most of its front page to a long Rushdie interview.

WITH Eastern Europe under new leadership, Cap'n Bob is not enjoying the same prestige and respect as was afforded him by his fellow dictators in previous years.

Jan Ludvik Hoch — as Maxwell was once called — has recently tried to buy into a newspaper in his native Czechoslovakia, the *Lidove Noviny*. At first he offered to buy a 49 per cent stake. When the Czechs rejected his offer he submitted a revised offer to buy 30 per cent, but this too was turned down. A final offer of an unconditional cash gift was dismissed out of hand. The Czechs, remembering perhaps that Maxwell had published a fawning biography of ex-President Husak, evidently did not want his money.

"Maxwelled", to use the technical term favoured at Holborn Circus.

The occasion was the announcement last Wednesday that Andrew Lloyd-Webber was turning the Really Useful Group into a private company again, only four years after its flotation. Most newspapers concentrated on the implications for the chubby composer and his "musicals", but the *Daily Mirror* found a different angle: after just three sentences on Lloyd-Webber's decision, it devoted the other eight paragraphs of its story to... Robert Maxwell.

Cap'n Bob, it reported, had just received £2.33 a share for his stake in the Really Useful Group. "Mr Maxwell last night expressed his keenness to develop a business relationship with Mr Lloyd Webber," it continued. "He sees excellent opportunities to be gained through his experience and knowledge of Eastern European markets and is keen to help sell Mr Lloyd Webber's music in these countries."

There was one fly in the ointment, as the *Mirror* pointed out: Cap'n Bob is currently engaged in ferocious litigation with Tom Bower, author of *Maxwell the Outsider*, and its publisher Aurum Press — which is part of the Lloyd-Webber empire. The *Mirror* noted that the book was allegedly "full of libel".

But a happy ending was in prospect. According to the *Mirror*, Lloyd-Webber had promised that "the board of Aurum is currently seeking settlement of this dispute" and it seemed likely to reach an "early and amicable conclusion" before long.

Alas! This is not true. Indeed, Aurum Press was unaware of the supposed imminence of a libel settlement until it read about it in the *Mirror*. More crucially, there is a contract between Bower and Aurum which prevents the firm from settling with Maxwell without Bower's approval. And at the moment, at least, Bower seems determined to fight on.

PS: At a recent Press Council gathering of editors, Kelvin Mackenzie of the *Sun* described Maxwell as a raving megalomaniac. Greenslade leapt to the defence of his new chief. "I would like to disassociate myself from that remark," he spluttered loyally.

"Not in two weeks' time you won't," Kelvin sneered.

THE London *Standard*'s gossip columnist, Peter McKay, aka Mr Pepys, certainly knows a scoop when he sees one — even if it takes him a couple of years to write it up.

On 6 February he confided to his readers that the Foreign Office had agreed to pay Iran £1.83 million by way of compensation for damage caused at its London embassy when the SAS stormed it to free hostages seized by anti-Iranian terrorists. Moreover, revealed McHackey, the Iranians were to pay Britain £980,000 for damage inflicted on the UK embassy in Tehran by rioters.

Fascinating — except the *Observer* had already carried the story as a front page lead on 5 June, 1988.

ANALYSIS plc is a database company with on-line information packages to sell to the City, newspapers and other institutions.

One of the papers approached was the *Sunday Times*, as it appears that the obese Wapping rag has a hunger for up to date financial information and the Analysis package may well have been suitable. But it was no doubt a complete oversight, that when Analysis approached the paper it forgot to mention that the *Sunset Times*'s own defence correspondent, James Adams (see *Eyes passim*), also happens to be on the Analysis board.

To avoid any conflict of interest, the *Sunday Times* declined to buy the system. As a result, Analysis has decided Adams should keep a low profile in the company, though he still has his car and perks.

O.B.N.

MOTHER'S DAY

The Queen Mother should be honoured by having a new Bank Holiday named after her, says Mr Robert Dunn, Conservative MP for Dartford. He has written to Mrs Thatcher urging her to take up his idea.

Daily Telegraph

There were a host of famous names at the Savoy last night. They included Michael Jackson's singer sister LaToya, Charles Dance, Vanessa Redgrave, Jane Asher, Felicity Kendal, Emily Lloyd, Franco Zeffirelli and Lady Rothermere, wife of Viscount Rothermere, the chairman of Associated Newspapers, publishers of the Evening Standard and Daily Mail.

BAZ BAMIGBOYE
Daily Mail

Submitted by Dr M. Howe, Anon.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

STEPHEN Glover, saturnine editor of the *Independent on Sunday*, has obviously taken to heart all the criticisms from feminists about the lack of women on his paper.

When a camera crew was due to film a morning conference at the *Sindie* recently, an aide pointed out to Glover that there was no woman present, which could be bad for the paper's image. Striding into the newsroom, Glover picked on the two nearest females — a pair of lowly sub-editors — and hauled them in.

Twenty minutes later filming stopped and the cameras withdrew. Glover looked up and ordered the women to leave the room as the real conference began. The humiliated hackettes departed to executive chortles.

To emphasise his commitment to equal opportunities, Glover has also sent a memo to the picture desk noting that there are too few photographs of women in the paper. "Could we have more?" he asks. "Especially pretty ones?"

Meanwhile, the *Sindie*'s daily sibling is not to be outdone in the crumpet stakes. Picture editor Chris McKane has been basking in warm congratulations from many senior executives for his choice of photo for the front page last Wednesday — a legs-only shot of several Wrens in black stockings and high-heeled shoes, under the heading "Equality Afloat". Pictures of women's legs, he has now been advised, are to be included at every opportunity.

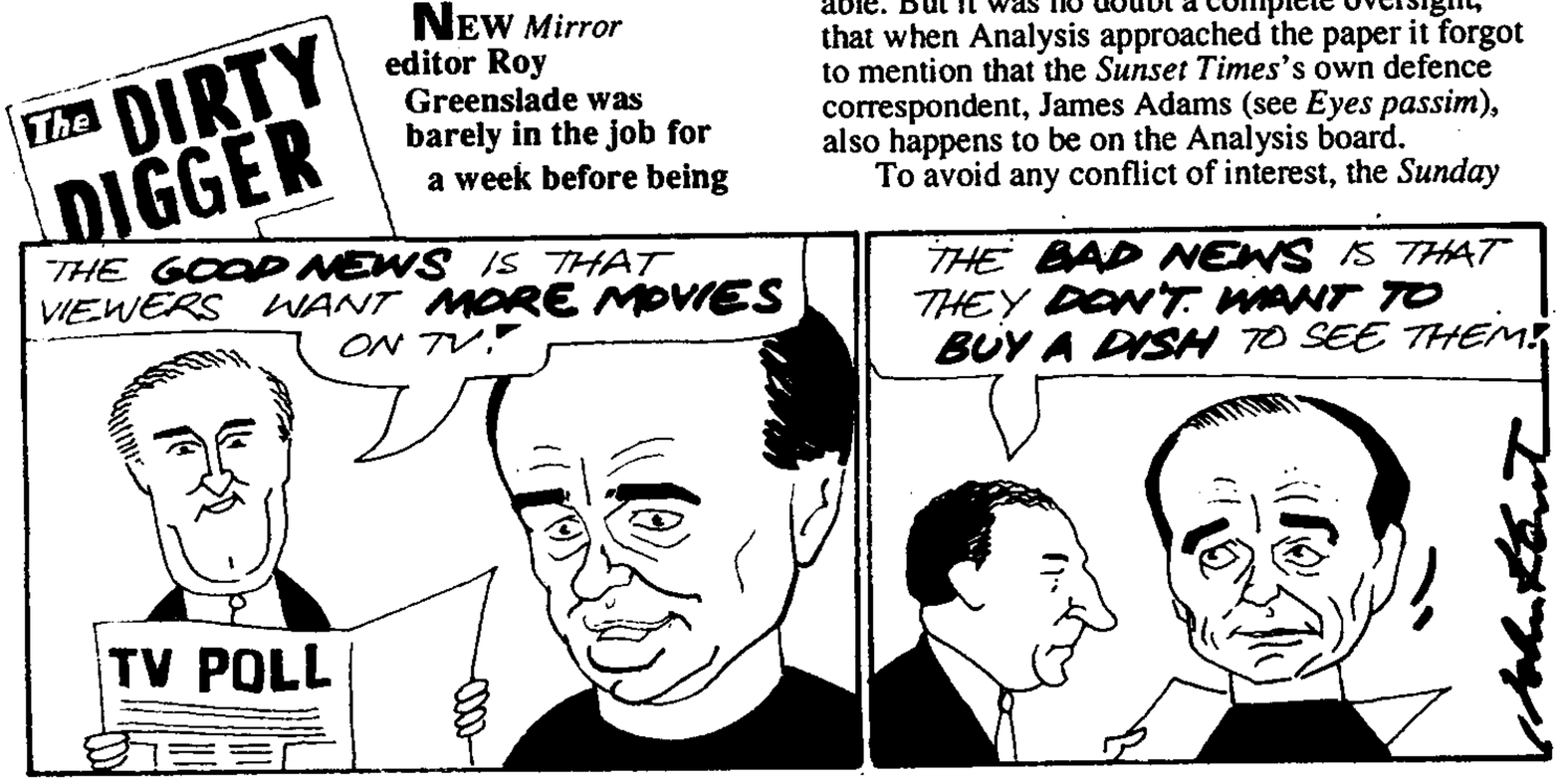
MEANWHILE some important new information about the Wallace affair was knocked out of the later editions of the *Sunday Times* this week by the freeing of Nelson Mandela.

Barrie Penrose's article was published only in the first (Irish) edition on 11 February. It disclosed more proof that very senior officers knew about the Kincora scandal and even quoted former Sussex Chief Constable George Terry (whose first secret inquiry into the affair in 1984 whitewashed the army and intelligence over Kincora) saying there should now be a new inquiry.

Even more interesting was the quoted former military intelligence officer in Northern Ireland who "ran" as an intelligence agent John McKeague, an extremist Protestant murderer whose sexual appetite for small boys was a legend in his community.

The agent returned from an assignment abroad to reveal to his superiors McKeague's unusual activities with small boys — but was told to keep quiet. (McKeague, needless to say, was murdered in remarkable circumstances a day or two before he planned to "reveal all" to the press.)

NEW *Mirror* editor Roy Greenslade was barely in the job for a week before being


The DIRTY DIGGER
THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT VIEWERS WANT MORE MOVIES ON TV.'
TV POLL
THE BAD NEWS IS THAT THEY DON'T WANT TO BUY A DISH TO SEE THEM!

HOW CONVENIENT for the part-time Tory member for Blaby and former chancellor, Nigel Lawson, that he lowered the upper rate of income tax from 60 per cent to 40 per cent in his 1988 budget.

That budget may have helped destroy the economy, but it has saved Lawson some of his new-found wealth — for he will only have to repay to the Treasury £40,000 and not £60,000 of his £100,000 a year salary when he takes up his new two-day-a-week job with Barclays. The same applies to the £30,000 he is reputed to be getting from GPA of Ireland, the aircraft leasing company. This would have yielded only £12,000 tax paid, now it will reward him with an extra £18,000.

As the *Eye* disclosed as long ago as December 1988, when Lawson presented the budget he was planning to resign from the Government later that year in the usual autumn reshuffle. But Thatcher brought forward her cabinet changes to July and Lawson was stranded like a beached whale.

Instead of being able to leave as a triumphant figure who had brought the nation everlasting prosperity, he had to preside over the decline in the economy. When he took off for the City his reputation had slumped, likewise his ability to demand the sort of salary — £500,000? — he would have had as chairman of NatWest.

AN INTERVIEW in the *Guardian* with Glenda Jackson, well-known actress in TV commercials promoting the Hanson Trust (generous supporters of the Tory Party and less than left wing employers and managers) has thrown London's quasi-intelligentsia into turmoil.

They are in the process of choosing new Labour parliamentary candidates and those in Hampstead (artists, writers) and Dulwich (unknown QCs and BUPA surgeons) were perplexed by the claim that Jackson — she's hoping to be chosen in Hampstead — "seems well placed to take the candidacy now that her main rival, Ms Tessa Jowell, has withdrawn in favour of gaining the Labour nomination in Dulwich."

This suggested to the Labour faithful that the result had already been settled by wheeling and dealing behind the scenes. Both women are ardent Kinnockites and Jackson is known to enjoy the active support of Labour's Rasputin, Peter Mandelson. She has been reproved by the chairman of the Hampstead party for talking to newspapers and breaking the rules which ban canvassing. She told the chairman not to be silly.

WILL suave Scottish Tory MP George Younger be rewarded for acting as Thatch's campaign manager during her battle with Sir Anthony Meyer?

The noble Younger, who handed his defence job to Tom King, intends to leave Parliament at the next election. This is surely a wise move since the Tories seem sure to lose the few seats they have in Scotland, including Younger's Ayr constituency.

Normally this shouldn't worry somebody of George's family lineage (Younger of Younger's beer, for example), especially with his imminent appointment as chairman of the Royal Bank of Scotland to top up finances. But George has an eye on the Lords and must do his best to shore up his successor's vote.

This might explain his party's commitment to retaining an international airport in rural Prestwick, in the heart of the Ayr constituency, and the Government's continued refusal to allow airlines to run intercontinental flights to or from the much more accessible and modern Glasgow airport. Carriers must either use Prestwick which, given its location is loathed by passengers, or not run direct services to destinations like New York at all. Will Thatch back her campaign manager against market forces and continue to subsidise Prestwick in a vain bid to keep the Ayr seat? Younger is certainly looking a much happier man these days ..

QUOTE of the week comes from a meeting of Labour's experts on trade and defence who were discussing Ferranti with a white-collar trade union.

Allan Rogers, a junior member of Labour defence spokesman Martin O'Neill's team, startled colleagues when he said: "Some people want us to go in for widespread disarmament and spend the money on welfare, but we've got to maintain our industrial base. We could buy lots of kidney machines but what's the point? We haven't got enough nurses to handle them."

One theory stalking Labour's corridors of power is that both O'Neill and Rogers are the first human victims of MCD — better known as mad cow disease.

LIBERAL MP Simon Hughes is clearly growing desperate. As the opinion polls stand, he is virtually sure to lose his seat at the next election and he's been talking to any journalist who cares to listen about "offers" he's had to join the Labour Party.

Most Labour MPs, who consider Hughes to be something of a parliamentary wimp, are fed up with his black propaganda and were incensed when he turned up in Parliament to a meeting of the PLP which was discussing the ambulance dispute. So too was former Liberal leader David Steel. Later that day as Hughes was voting with Labour in the lobbies, Steel commented coldly in the Chamber in the hearing of Labour MPs: "Simon was wrong to do it. He should not have gone in with them."

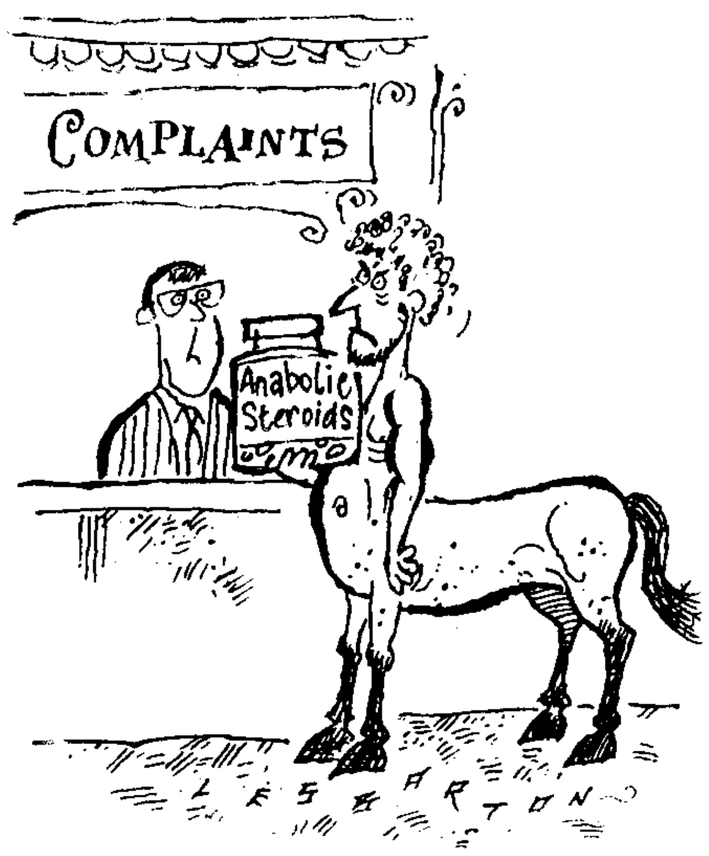
AMONG those MPs who met Lord Arnold Weinstock to discuss the GEC take over of Ferranti was bonking member Ron Brown. He asked Weinstock to guarantee that the jobs of Ferranti workers would be secure. Other Labour MPs could barely contain themselves when Weinstock replied: "I can't give any guarantee about jobs. I can't even guarantee my own job– and I'm not sure that you can guarantee yours."

TORY MPs are always complaining about Labour local authorities who put out political propaganda on the rates. However, voters in Midhurst, West Sussex, have been surprised to receive unsolicited propaganda in House of Commons prepaid franked envelopes.

The circulars, which do not have a covering letter, are headed "NHS — *Our* Ace of Hearts" and extol the virtues of the Government's new plans for the NHS. They are published by the Conservative Central Office, Smith Square, London SW1, and printed by Reeuprint Ltd, Windsor, Berkshire. The postmark on the prepaid franked House of Commons envelopes is London SW1.

In the past the Speaker has ruled that using Commons facilities for party politics in this way is an abuse of the House and a misuse of public funds. So which Tory MP or MPs are supplying the envelopes? The usual fiver for information.

LABOUR MPs are not at all surprised that the Tories are seeking ways to gag Dale Campbell-Savours, MP for Workington, as he continues to expose their sleazy relations with lobbyists. But they will be surprised to learn that the Speaker, Bernard Weatherill, has gone so far as to ask Labour chief whip Derek Foster if he can "button up" Campbell-Savours. Much to the Tories' annoyance, little short of taking out a contract on Soup-Tin will shut him up.



HOW A COMMITTEE WORKS PT.1

EDWINA Currie, on probation on the committee stage of the broadcasting bill, may have lost her voice but not her touch.

"You can't have choice in TV if all the programmes are good," was her sole contribution to the debate on quality TV, which may explain why a buttoned lip is the price she must pay for a ministerial comeback.

Meanwhile the Tory whip, bluff Midlands solicitor John Taylor, has been preoccupied with the contents of a series of illustrated catalogues. He recently shared a colourful picture of one leggy model with his inordinately tall colleague, the 6'4" anti-porn crusader Bill Cash (Stafford). Mr Name-Tape, the squeaky-clean, moral majority, family man had the decency to blush before returning the item.

Hackney MP Dianne Abbott failed to attract pudgy Home Office minister David Mellor's attention during her long peroration against competitive tendering for the new TV licences. Mellor, David Noddington's deputy, was totally engrossed by Chelsea Football Club's *50th Anniversary Annual 1954-55*, sent across to him as a deliberate distraction by fellow Chelsea fan, the puckish Tony Banks, who acts as if he's never left the terraces, barracking speakers from all sides.

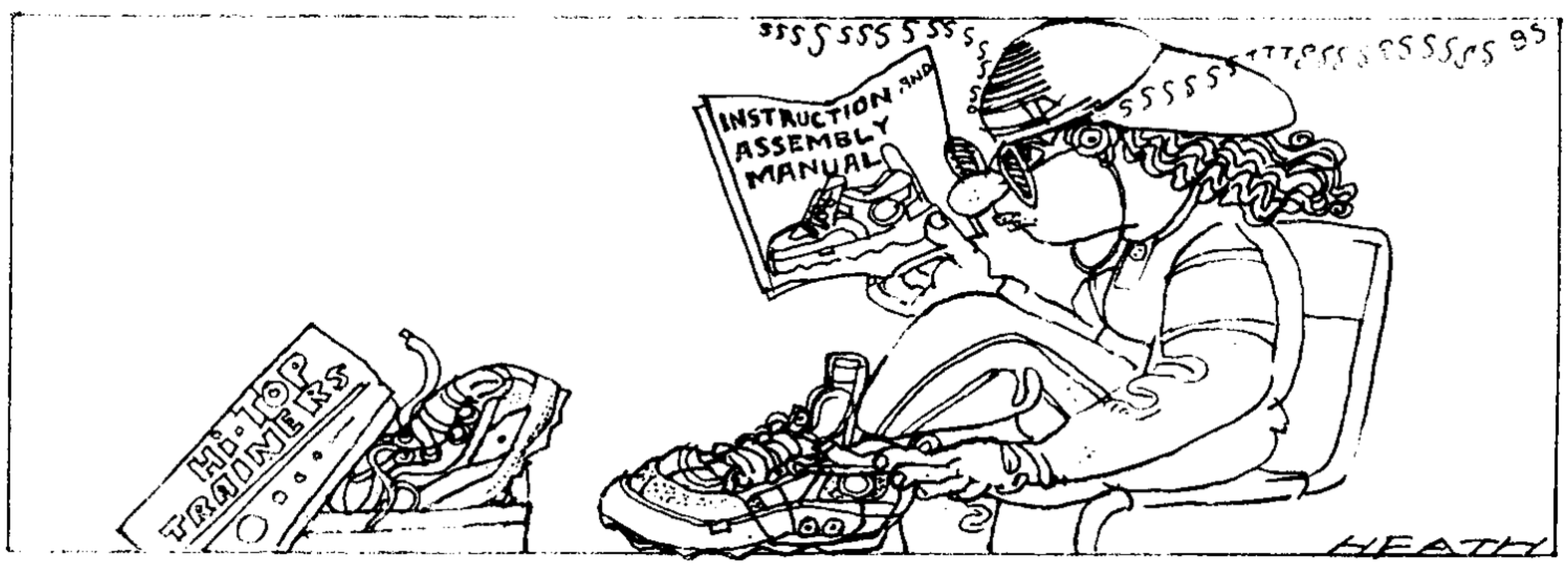
Hansard reporters covering the sessions were confused by Dianne Abbott's reference to the "Hon Member for *Blue Peter*" — the tag that has attached itself to right-wing Tory Roger Gale (N. Thanet), who makes frequent reference to his earlier life as a TV producer of the celebrated children's programme. Fresh names may be slung at him when opposition MPs realise that he also produced *Newsbeat* and was a DJ on Radio Caroline.

Meanwhile Banks, who dubbed himself Instant Whip when standing in for Llin Golding at the start of the committee stage, risks deselection for saying that children in his Newham constituency are "more likely to be out nicking TV sets than watching them".

'Backbiter'

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH



Grovel

IT WAS SO reassuring to see Peregrine Worsthorne upholding the traditional moral values appropriate to the editor of a Sunday newspaper and defending his right to criticize *Sunday Times* editor Andrew Neill for being a lusty bachelor who visits seedy nightclubs.

While Neill, and *Observer* editor Donald "Pixie" Trelford, were made fun of for their Ugandan connections with Pamella Bordes, Perry sat there in the front row of the court with his wife Claudie. Together, they were a picture of marital fidelity.

But where was Perry's former mistress, the actress Moira Fraser? And what, too, of his celebrated boast in the presence of *Torygraph* hack that he has enjoyed 100 lovers?

Of course, I would not for one moment suggest that this renders Perry unfit to edit a newspaper which regularly lambasts permissiveness and sexual immorality. It is all a matter of dignity and decorum. And as he so rightly said, "Editors should not sue."

● *ARE Cecil Parkinson's hormones playing up again? I ask only because of his extraordinary behaviour last week at a meeting to discuss transport in London when he was heckled by veteran anti-motorway bore George Stern.*

"You need a psychiatrist!" Cecil yelled at Stern after the first few interjections. "I think you should go and get some medical help."

Giving as good as he got, Stern denounced the minister as a "spiv" and a "liar".

"There's something limited about your intelligence, Mr Stern," Parky retorted. "I don't waste my time on Hitler's offspring."

This last remark was both puzzling and ill-chosen, since Stern was a refugee from Nazism in Austria in 1938. "Nazis were supported by filth like you," he shouted back at the minister.

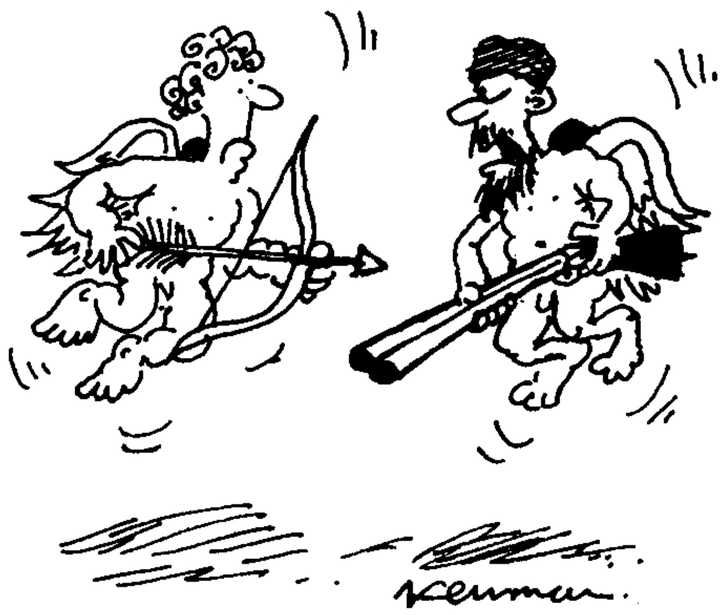
As if to confirm the point, Parkinson said he would like to "eliminate" Stern.

Is this, I wonder, government policy?

TO Grosvenor House, Park Lane, where amid extra tight security the Conservatives are holding their fundraising Winter Ball. In the crowds I catch a brief glimpse of the lovely Margaret before she slips from sight behind a posse of minders who, judging by the bulges in their ill-fitting suits, must all be "packing heat".

The 15 or so ministers present also have minders clinging to their coat tails. And it is with this very high level of security in mind that I am appalled when Jeffrey Archer rises late in the evening to make a grave announcement.

Sadly, he tells us, the discotheque that has been specially arranged for the younger Conservatives will have to be delayed for an hour or so. Since it was set up earlier in the day, a thief had managed to march in and steal both the discotheques's diamond styluses.



"I'm after Rushdie!"

Pseuds Corner

MISCELLANEOUS

SADDENED BY A PROFUSION OF IMAGES we would like to commission a poet to attend and record our wedding. (Christian ceremony, 26 May 1990.) Reply to Box 1202/1.

London Review of Books

[David] Hare's career has of late itself become a public issue. When The Secret Rapture closed on Broadway in November after just 31 performances, Hare excoriated the New York Times critic Frank Rich and declared that none of his work would be seen in New York until Rich had gone. Rich had liked the play in London, but hated Hare's own production of it in New York; he argued, subjectively but cogently, that the presentation was colourless and Blair Brown's performance unequal to the demands of her role.

Hare, who lives with the actress, remains outraged by the critic's remarks: "I felt contaminated by what he said. The importance of the matter is not in my reaction but the fact that my views were so widely shared. I have been turned unwillingly into a sort of American hero and copies of my letter to Rich are pinned up at the stage doors of every Broadway musical. I am told that, when the row broke on the front page of Variety, people stood on their desks and cheered."

MICHAEL COVENEY
Observer

But now Hooker and Van Morrison have their heads together, guitars rumbling and sparking, and they are practically speaking in tongues, messages from an inner blue space. Hooker is taking his time; he is in his own groove, and the people are there with him, and then he suddenly removes his guitar, waves to the crowd, bows and stumps back into the shadows. And they go hogwild in the balconies; a pink and blue paisley tie — Bill Blass, pure silk — drifts down from on high and floats neatly into my lap. This is the blues as transcendence, when one person articulating his emotions to others helps to shoulder their burdens and enlist them to shoulder his.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY
Q Magazine

It is precisely this interface between woman as subject and woman as object, wherein the subject-woman attempts to re-write the sexual experience of the object-woman, while retaining woman's own desire and desirability, surely, which is at the heart of Potter's discourse.

LUCY GREEN
Letter to New Statesman

In attempting to rescue the fish and chip trade from the enormous condescension of posterity, I shall begin by arguing that it was important in its own right as a component of the British economy by the early twentieth century. I shall then suggest that its influence on working-class diet, living standards and leisure raises important issues which should not be ignored; and finally I shall argue that fish and chips made a significant contribution to the political stability of inter-war Britain.

JOHN K. WALTON
Journal of Social History

CONTRIBUTORS: Mrs C. Leach, Anon, Jon Ball, Jonathan Rich, Keith Hart.

£10 paid for entries

● *BECAUSE of the crowds I was unable to tell if my dear old friend Tim Eggar (see **Eyes passim**), employment minister and member for Enfield North, was at the ball. Had I spotted him, I would have wished him well for the upcoming court case in which he was due to give evidence against a man accused of assaulting him on his doorstep last summer.*

Readers will recall how the two men rolled in the gutter following a row over the way Mr Eggar told off the man's little girl whom he had caught picking flowers in his garden.

As it turned out last week, my good wishes were quite unnecessary: at the last minute the accused man decided to change his plea to guilty and lucky Tim did not have to give evidence. All he had to do was endure a humiliating ticking off from Judge Keith McHale who called him stupid, idiotic and provocative. I can only wonder what Margaret had to say.

WHY was my good friend Sir Jonah Junor so peeved with British Airways following his freebie flight to Argentina earlier this month?

The chain-smoking *Mail of Sunday* columnist obviously suffered badly at the hands of the world's favourite airline and he outlined his gripes in the rag last week.

I am glad to say they had nothing to do with the BA staff's failure to recognise a very important person when they see one. And nor did they have anything to do with Sir Jonah being tired and emotional on the flight out and being stuck in Club Class when he wanted to sit in first with Lord King, the BA chairman.

IN NEW YORK last month I attended the 70th birthday bash of Javier Perez de Cuellar, esteemed secretary general of the United Nations.

It would have been disingenuous of me to raise the question of retirement at such a bash and to remind Javier that most of his UN staff are forced to retire at 62 (Chinese staff even earlier); but I was appalled to learn from friends that he is now angling for a further term when his current one expires later next year.

Many wonder if his obsequious behaviour towards Beijing's decrepit rulers is not a manifestation of some international geriatric freemasonry.

● *AS I SIT in the Groucho club brasserie a party of ne'er-do-wells arrives at a nearby table for supper. They include the dissolute and buxom Lady Catherine Palmer and her notorious companion, the constantly over-tired and over-emotional Lord Patrick Conyngham, aka Lord Matey.*

Surely this must be some mistake, I muse. For has not Lord Matey twice been banned from the Groucho — once for urinating out of a window on to a policeman, and the second time, straight after he had been re-admitted, for vomiting over the marble-topped bar.

But it soon ends in tears. Matey begins to insult other members and their guests. He turns on a distinguished older gentleman and calls him "a posh fart". Lady Catherine tells him that unless he eats up his fish pie she won't be coming home with him. Finally he picks a fight with the actor John Hurt and has to be escorted from the building by the Groucho's feisty Yugoslav manageress.

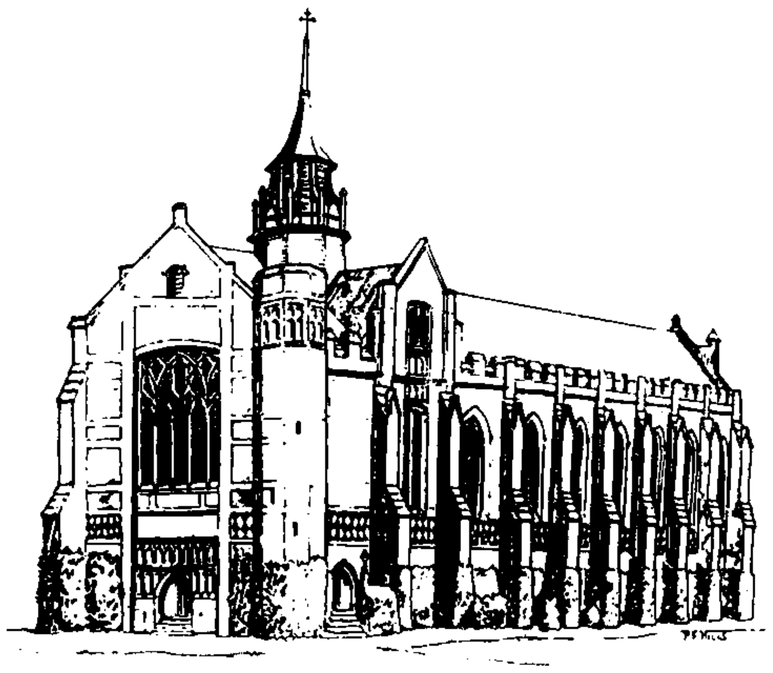
I AM fascinated to see an article in the *Evening Standard* by my controversial friend Emma Soames, the much-maligned editor of *Tatler*.

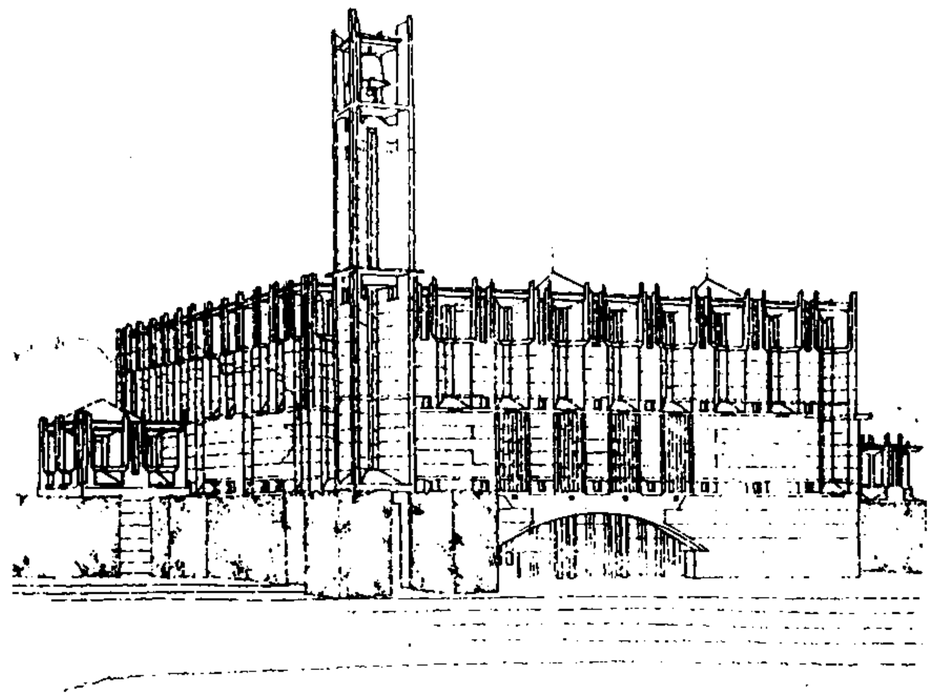
"Emma, 37, gives her own view of what is and what is not seemly for the no longer youthful," the paper announces. Her advice is aimed at people in their thirties, and it includes this helpful hint: "Lying about your age is a matter of personal choice, but if you are going to do it, start now."

I'm glad to say Emma evidently practises what she preaches. In spite of claiming to be 37, she was in fact born on 6 September, 1949.

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS





YOU CANNOT keep a good man down. Within minutes of the award of the coveted Macmillan Prize for the worst local authority of 1989 — it went jointly to Durham city and county councils — I have been deluged with reports of further characteristic traditional practices in the County Palatine.

Attentive readers will be interested to learn that Joseph Hopper House, the hideous new office block which has blighted part of Durham city (*Eye* 695), remains mysteriously closed and empty. This gratuitous monster was built by the Durham Aged Miners Homes Association (chief executive Ken Payne) which, together with the Durham Mine Workers Housing Association (chief executive Ken Payne), has received £8 million of government grants.

It has recently emerged that these bodies made unauthorised payments to a development and double glazing company, Durham Mine Workers Housing Services Ltd (chief executive Ken Payne), which has now gone into voluntary liquidation with debts of £700,000. The government's Housing Corporation has announced that it is "very concerned" about all this and is investigating the affairs of the Durham Aged Mine Workers Homes Association. All this has no connection whatever with the early retirement in November of Tony Scott, the Durham city planning officer who approved the plans to build Hopper House despite strong local opposition.

Meanwhile, up on Aykley Heads — the open land that county council leader Don Robson is determined to develop — a theft has been discovered in Aykley Heads House. This listed building is owned by the county council and is boarded up in anticipation of its conversion into a 14-bed hotel and restaurant. Despite this precaution, the house has been broken into and five 18th century wood and marble chimneypieces have been stolen, including one of c. 1760 in the "Rococo Room" which was an integral part of an overall scheme of plaster decoration.

I don't suppose these features will reappear: the police are seldom interested in chasing bits of historic architecture and, besides, they are worth about £5,000. Anyway, the Rococo isn't exactly Don's idea of glamour, so without the old chimneypieces it should be much easier to convert the house into something smart and modern, perhaps with ranch-style interiors and chimneypieces of rough rubble stone. The real joke is that it took a month to discover the theft despite the fact that the building stands right next to both County Hall and Aykley Heads Police Station...

MY ILLUSTRATION shows a nice contrast in style. On the left is the chapel at Tonbridge School, a Gothic Revival building of 1900 by W. Campbell-Jones. In 1988 it was gutted by a fire which destroyed the magnificent stained glass by Christopher Whall and the War Memorial by Henry Wilson.

Old Tonbridgians assumed the shell of the chapel would be restored, but the school's governors, the Worshipful Company of Skinners, has come up with a much more imaginative solution. The old chapel is to be converted into a theatre, perhaps, while a brand new chapel, speaking of our own time, is to be built on a playing field called the "Upper Hundred" by the school gates. This perfectly symbolises the remoteness of religion from modern life.

The right hand illustration shows the design for the new chapel by Messrs MacCormack, Jamieson & Pritchard, who were the architects for the redevelopment of Spitalfields until they were recently supplanted by the even more accommodating Americans, Swanke Hayden Connell.

MacCormack has risen magnificently to the challenge presented by the governors' conception of modern Anglicanism. Naturally no literal attempt is made to harmonise with the neo-Gothic style of the rest of the school buildings. Instead, a vaguely Gothic air is given by the spiky post-Modern detail reminiscent of the work of the late George Pace, who had the distinction of imposing his personality on more cathedrals than the Skinners' Company have hot dinners a month. The ensemble is completed by the demotic touch of a campanile inspired by Stevenage New Town, nicely symbolising the anti-elitist role of the public school in modern society.

I am sorry to say that many stuffy, traditionalist Old Tonbridgians are campaigning against this bold and exciting opportunity and wish merely to see the old chapel restored. I cannot think why.

'Piloti'

WORLD OF HYPE

SALVATION seems assured for born-again Christian Rupert Murdoch, whose senior henchmen have apparently become sunbeams for Jesus and are helping to spread the word of the Lord.

Astonishingly, Rupe has made a pact with the Salvation Army and the Dirty Digger has even been moved to dig into his pocket to help the organisation.

This follows Murdoch's meeting with the Sally's 60-year-old general, Eva Burrows, at an Australian bicentenary dinner; he was so impressed he asked if there was anything his mighty organisation could do to encourage Christ's soldiers in their ongoing battle with Satan.

The general took Murdoch up on his offer, and thus it came to pass last year that the army's director of media relations, Captain Charles King, was invited even unto the lion's den within the walled citadel of Wapping.

King, who told the *Eye* he was expecting no more than a cup of coffee and a quick look round the presses, was surprised and delighted to spend more than an hour in deep contemplation with three top Murdoch lackeys. They included *Times* managing editor Michael Hoy who, as *Eye* readers will recall, is not universally known for his meek and mild manner.

The men discussed how the Sally Army might make its handling of press relations more professsional. While not actually passing round the plate, it was agreed News International would stump up the cash for Granard Rowland, a Saatchi subsidiary specialising in "communications", to give the army a professional once-over. According to the grateful captain: "We didn't pay a penny. News International paid for it all."

The Digger's beneficent example is obviously catching as GR has apparently continued to offer its services to the Sally. Having sacked so many printers, Murdoch can obviously afford such munificent gestures.

HEALTH NEWS

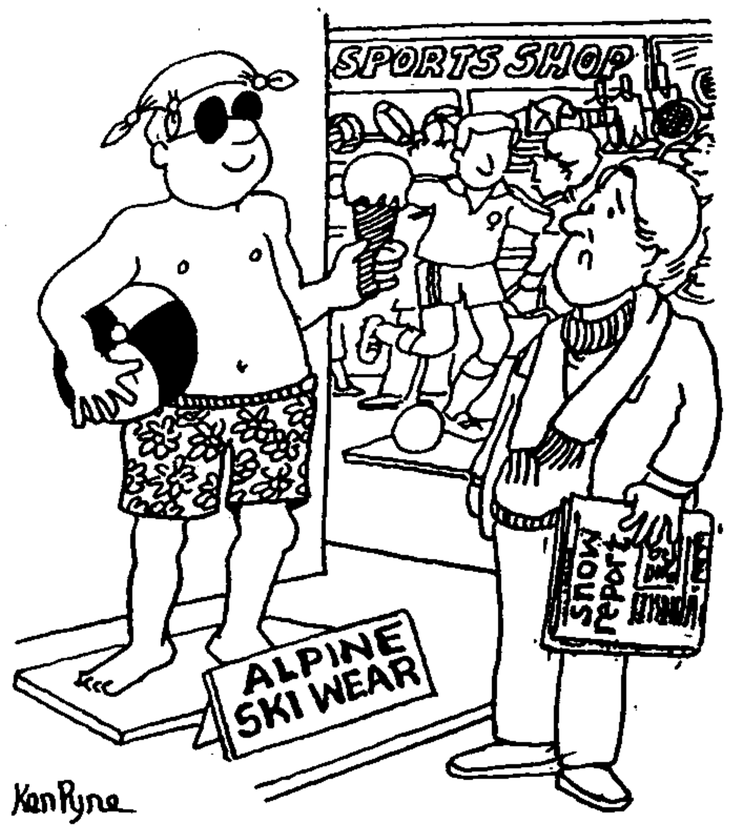
AS THE ambulance dispute drags on and news emerges of the injured waiting hours to be ferried to hospital, the makeshift emergency services are under increasing strain.

This was abundantly clear in north London recently when astounded ambulancemen overheard police officers on their radio trying unsuccessfully to get to grips with an emergency channel linking them to controllers at Scotland Yard.

One on-the-ball WPC had left her "carrier" open for a total of 45 minutes, unaware that in so doing she was blocking all the emergency messages the frustrated controller at Scotland Yard was trying to put through on Channel 6.

Numerous requests for crews to change to Channel 5, thus clearing the way for urgent calls, went unheeded by the officers who were enjoying a good giggle about the Ugandan activities of one of their colleagues — details of which are unprintable in a family publication but which were recorded by the eavesdropping ambulancemen.

The operator at Scotland Yard was not amused. When the line was finally unblocked she bellowed: "Yes, thank you. For the benefit of the unit that won't own up, you have just had an open carrier for the last 45 minutes on Channel 6 and stopped all urgent messages going out on the channel. Well done. Thank you for your assistance."



TV

No Job For A Lady

(Thames)

THE actress Penelope Keith gushed in *TV Times* that she had agreed to take part in her latest sitcom because it was full of "truisms" about politics. This astonishing admission that Alex Shearer's scripts about a female Labour MP were pitted with "statements too hackneyed or obvious to be worth making" (*OED*) is less honest than it at first appears. It is clear from the context that Ms Keith was trying to commend the texts for their truthfulness. The confusion does little, however, to reduce the feeling that the collaboration between Shearer and Keith unites two people who have a rather strained relationship with words.

Even allowing for the convention that the situation comedy is at its happiest with jokes and performances which have been seen before, *No Job For A Lady* is a new series which is more than usually a retrospective. It is bad enough when the jokes are old friends but, here, they are generally old enemies.

The moment in political history when the patronage secretary became popularly known as the whip was a bad one for comedy, but those who made the original connection with sexual discipline can scarcely have believed that the flagellation-debate pun would still be current in 1990. "We've got a three line whip," Ms Keith as the novice parliamentarian moans to her dumb husband. Wait for it. "I'm glad you've still got a sex life," he lumbers back.

While delivering these dusty quips, Ms Keith is again taking her most well-worn performance out of the cupboard. *TV Times* and the script inform you that she is a Labour MP but the visual and vocal evidence contradicts this: the accent remains exactly the same Surrey-with-a-whinge-on-top she employed in the roles in *The Good Life* and *To The Manor Born* which principally underwrite her bankability. This is one of the three ways in which *No Job For A Lady*, though of barely watchable quality, still deserves examination as a piece of television.

This first area of interest, exemplified by Ms Keith, is The Star's Attempt To Do Something A Bit Different. Producers have long known that the surest way to secure a major star for a poor script is to send it to the performers to whom it is least suited. Penelope Keith is asked to play six toffs and seven Tories daily; therefore, when an invitation to become (in fiction only) a socialist lands on her mat, she will accept it with alacrity, remembering what they said at drama school about range. Regrettably, she will fail to alter her performance.

This results from a combination of the comfortable reflexes which sitcom careers encourage and the terror of the producer that the actor will surrender their easy identification with the audience. Some of the worst of all sitcoms have resulted from this phenomenon, including Ms Keith's previous anti-type project *Sweet Sixteen* (sexy mature woman with toy boy) and *Chalk And Cheese*, in which Michael Crawford was supposed to be playing a left-wing fanatic. Conversely, Richard Briers, who tours an unchanging persona around different sit-com scripts, and the writing team of Lloyd and Croft, who use the same actors in the same roles in new settings, have almost never had a flop.

The second accidental fascination of the programme is the further evidence it offers of the slow permeation of the ideas into the sitcom. Shearer's scripts display such amazement at the new-fangled phenomenon of female MPs that it has to be assumed he thinks Barbara Castle was a ruined Norman fortress and that he believes that the prime minister of the country in which his scripts are tentatively set is still a man.

Further evidence of the author's rather tardy engagement with society is provided by his other current success, *The Two Of Us*, about a young couple who are living together. Extra proof of the depth of his radicalism is that he has just married the couple off, thus making the series an even less interesting example of the domestic sitcom. Accordingly, only commercial, rather than moral, logic will lead him to show Ms Keith overcoming the problems and continuing as an MP.

The third lesson to be drawn concerns the factual inattention of the central idea. The Keith character is so unlike any extant, or even previous, female Labour MP (look at Marjorie Mowlam or Ann Taylor or Clare Short on television) as to prompt speculation that the project is a satirical comment on the alleged lack of working-class credentials of the present People's Party. But to suggest this would be to credit the series with too much intent.

'Square Eyes'

I-SKY

Murdoch hits at TV policy

RUPERT MURDOCH, chief executive of News International, which owns the *Sunday Times*, has criticised the newspaper for being too cautious in its coverage of Sky Television, *writes Steve Clarke*.

Murdoch, in an interview to be broadcast on tonight's edition of Channel 4's The Media Show, said he thought the *Sunday Times*'s approach had benefited British Satellite Broadcasting (BSB), the rival station, rather than Sky, which was launched a year ago today.

"I'm rather resentful that the *Sunday Times* seems to have been so sensitive," he said. "They've helped BSB a lot with great half-page interviews saying what great men they are. They're too selfconscious to do that for us."

Sunday Times

CONTRIBUTOR: A. Fidler.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

TV-am's pisspoor foreign news coverage is becoming increasingly bizarre according to insiders at Camden Lock, the north London bunker of Britain's second worst TV station.

The first sign of major breakdown came in the early stages of the Romanian revolution. While other news organisations were packing hacks off to Bucharest, Bill Ludford, who holds the reins of power at TVam, reportedly said: "That's not a fucking story. I'm not sending on that."

And he didn't. TV-am hacks had to cobble up reports from ITN footage. After five programme editors complained, they were demoted.

The latest eccentricity concerns TV-am's coverage of the crisis in the Soviet Union and the orders being given to its hapless new Moscow correspondent, Mike Voss.

According to insiders, on some occasions when a big story has looked like breaking, Voss has been told to record anything up to three pieces to camera to cover any likely outcome.

The tapes are then reportedly sent from Moscow to Camden Lock via British Airways' Speedbird service. Hacks in London, studying ITN pictures and news agency copy, then write a script which is read to Voss in Moscow over the telephone. Voss then reads it back to accompany the ITN pictures and the least daft of his pre-recorded pieces to camera is tagged on the end of the report.

Insiders say airfreight and telephone calls to Moscow come much cheaper than satellite. They also say that the last time this bizarre practice was used was during a news bulletin broadcast while Home Office minister David Mellor was in the studio talking about the broadcasting bill and quality television.

A TV-am spokeswoman said the *Eye*'s story was nonsense. "I don't think there is anything in it at all," she said.

Continued next week!

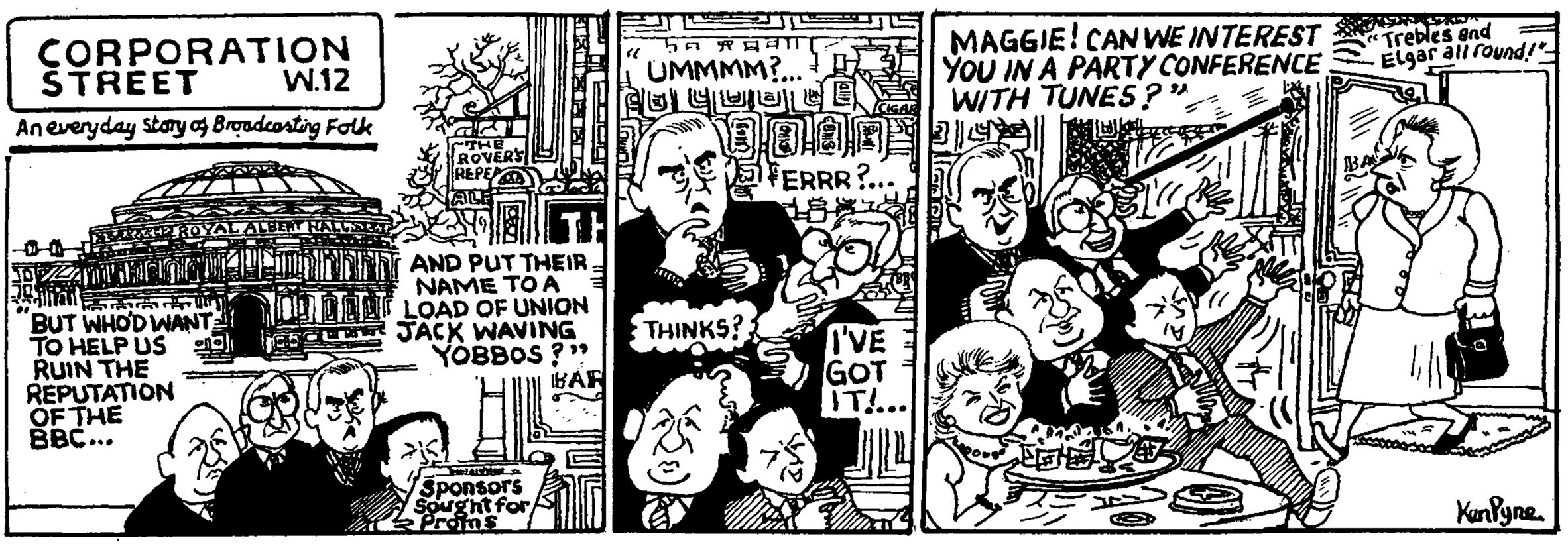
MEDIA NEWS

TERRY WOGAN's plans for world domination seem to be going wrong. Fresh from being humiliated by the born-again Margaret Thatcher, Wogan's business interests are now proving troublesome.

Spurning advances from established media moguls, Wogan wisely ignored satellite television and instead put his considerable weight behind a new Irish national commercial radio station. Century Radio went on the air last September and, despite vast expenditure, has flopped dismally.

Few have been prepared to listen to its jaded mix of wallpaper music and inane chat, whether presented by Wogan, his co-director Chris De Burgh or any of their run-of-the-mill DJs. Advertisers have naturally stayed away and Century's financial projections are now consigned to the fiction shelves.

More ominously still, BBC executives are at the point of persuading Derek Jameson, aka Sid Yobbo, to defect from Sky — a move that could spell demotion for our the blarney king.


CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
THE ROVER'S REPEAL
ROYAL ALBERT HALL
"BUT WHO'D WANT TO HELP US RUIN THE REPUTATION OF THE BBC...
AND PUT THEIR NAME TO A LOAD OF UNION JACK WAVING YOBBOS?"
Sponsors Sought for Proms
"UMMMM?...
ERRR?...
THINKS?
I'VE GOT IT!...
MAGGIE! CAN WE INTEREST YOU IN A PARTY CONFERENCE WITH TUNES?"
"Trebles and Elgar all round!"
Ken Pyne

THE STALKER AFFAIR

HOME SECRETARY David Waddington insists there is nothing in the documents recently submitted to him by John Stalker which suggests that the decision to remove him as deputy chief constable of Greater Manchester was taken by "other than the appropriate authorities".

But who were the appropriate authorities and has Noddington looked up what his predecessors said about this when the matter was first raised in 1986?

At that time everyone insisted the decision to remove Stalker was taken entirely by policemen — apparently at a special meeting in Scarborough on 19 May 1986 at which were present only four men: Sir Laurence Byford and Sir Philip Myers from the Police Inspectorate; and chief constables James Anderton and Colin Sampson.

Ministers went out of their way to insist that no one else was involved. Douglas Hogg, junior Home Office minister, told the Commons on 22 October 1986: "The decision to suspend the deputy chief constable from duty was taken by the police authority and approved by the Police Complaints Authority." No one else was involved. Earlier in the year, attorney-general Sir Patrick Mayhew told the House:

"Neither the DPP for England and Wales nor the DPP for Northern Ireland had any involvement in the events leading up to that decision."

Now consider the entry for 18 May in former Ulster chief constable Sir John Hermon's diary submitted by Stalker: "A CC seeing BS, RA, and TK. and that DH was au fait with developments." Everyone has assumed that RA is Robert Andrew, Permanent Secretary at the Northern Ireland Office, TK is Tom King, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, and DH Douglas Hurd, Home Secretary. But what of BS? Is he really Barry Shaw, then the DPP for Northern Ireland? If so what about the attorney-general's categorical assurance in 1986 that the DPP was "not involved in the events leading up to the decision"?

There is a different explanation. BS might not be Barry Shaw at all. After all, all the other references to the DPP in Sir John Hermon's notes refer to the DPP as "DPP" and not by name. Perhaps BS was Bernard Sheldon, then legal director of MI5 (now retired). If so, the consequences are intriguing, if not sensational.

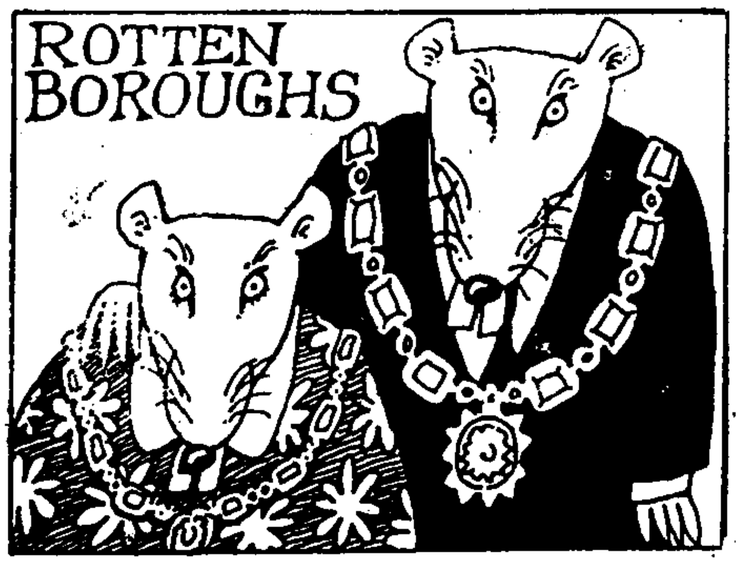
MEANWHILE James Anderton, Stalker's former boss in Greater Manchester, has been unusually quiet since the "trial" of Stalker's friend, businessman Kevin Taylor collapsed.

He is worried about a new inquiry by his own Labour-controlled police authority into his role in the Stalker affair. For the inquiry may reveal for the first time that an unauthorised, special 12-strong team from the police Criminal Intelligence Section were illicitly obtaining confidential information about Taylor at the height of the Stalker affair.

The team, so secret even Anderton can't remember much about them, included a phonetapper, just signed from British Telecom, and was augmented by a number of "professional" burglars who broke into Taylor's house to find "incriminating" material — photographs of Taylor with Stalker — and then returned a few hours later with a search warrant!

Coincidentally, the team was headed by a chap who had previously advised John Stalker on fitting burglar alarms at his Cheshire home.! By another remarkable coincidence the head of the surveillance team changed police jobs only a few weeks before the case against Taylor was scrapped last month, after a 16-week court case costing nearly £1 million.

The case against Taylor, including charges that he had defrauded the Co-op Bank to the tune of £996,000, was dropped after it was revealed that Greater Manchester police had misled a judge to gain access to Taylor's bank accounts. But it was Anderton who was responsible for drawing up a warrant which ordered Manchester's top judge to grant detectives access to Taylor's bank account on the grounds that he was financing major drug deals — allegations over which Taylor has never been charged.



BIRMINGHAM

THE catalogue of chaos that passes for social services in Britain's second city is calling out for some action.

The recently highlighted case of the death of a 15-year-old boy, sent home after being "in care", brought up questions about the whole system.

Warren Lewin suffered fatal injuries in a crash while joyriding with friends in a stolen car. He was a difficult child who needed a lot of work and who had been at the city's notorious St John's children's home. When care workers there realised just how difficult the boy was, they called a case conference with his parents with a view to sending him home.

The parents did not turn up; but the decision was nevertheless taken to send Warren home — under "close supervision". That was the last time social workers saw him.

But there are other incidents that need just as much if not more explanation.

● Val Webb, one of the senior officers who had been responsible for Warren's welfare, has been promoted to take charge of the troubled Sutton Road children's home — about to reopen after it was closed following allegations of racist and sexual abuse against the officer in charge, David Jones, from nearly all the staff.

Jones, however, was given a written warning rather than the sack and was allowed to take early retirement with a handsome pay-off. His deputy Pauline Hughes, on the other hand, who exposed Jones's regime, has been suspended on charges of "improper child care" in what looks suspiciously like revenge by the department.

● At the infamous Highgate Close, a home for disturbed adolescents, staff are furious over the reinstatement of their officer in charge, Yvonne McEwan. She was suspended last July on charges of financial mismanagement and of having children to stay in her flat. The second charge sounds innocuous; but the disciplinary committee was told that a) her flat is in the home; b) the home is in the middle of Brum's red-light area; and c) her friends were said to have extensive community connections. The disciplinary committee drew no firm conclusions and McEwan emerged with her job and a final written warning.

Highgate Close is of course also the haunt of Brian Gillam (*Eyes passim*), who lives with Julie Page, formerly a child in his care. He was suspended last April on full pay after he allegedly threatened youngsters and slept with Page while supposedly on night duty.

He is still awaiting his hearing, but a pay-off is more likely. There are plenty of precedents for this: in 1988 the entire staff at the Acorn Grove boys' home were accused of systematic violence and degradation of children. Seven out of the eight were given redundancy pay-offs and the eighth resigned. The 23 youngsters who were promised damages from the department have still not received a penny.

● At Southview, a mixed home for adolescents, the officer in charge, John Johnson, has resigned and his assistant, Nick Brasenall, has been sacked after allegations that they had sex with disturbed girls in their care.

The latest round of investigations in Brum focus on Mulberry House where staff are said to have indulged in boozy parties with children while on holiday last year. And at King's Lodge in Kingstanding, an unqualified agency worker was sacked after she put two eight-year-olds into a dustbin as punishment.

A MYSTERIOUS set of papers found in the city council's legal department has again stirred up the murky waters of the car pool scandal (see *Eyes passim*).

Readers will recall how an auditor's inquiry revealed extensive abuse of the city's provision of free chauffeur-driven limos and taxis for members and senior officers.

Apart from scapegoating some of the officers, the auditors and council did nothing to recover the hundreds of thousands of pounds of ratepayers' money wasted on private trips. Even Albert Bore, the economic development committee chairman who was spending more than £1,000 a month on cars and taxis, has escaped.

But an irate Brummie elector, Hugh McCreedy, has used the Access to Information Act to prise open the auditor's background files that are held by the council's legal department. They suggest that councillors not only used council vehicles on unauthorised business and private trips — *but they subsequently claimed mileage as though they had used their own cars.*

If proved and made public, such dishonesty would demand immediate action by the auditor, including possible surcharge and disqualification.

Fair enough, one might conclude, they were innocent. But why did city solicitors at first refuse to hand the papers over to Mr McCreedy? And why, when he returned a few days later armed with the Access to Information Act, was he handed photocopies with the crucial auditor's comments crudely obscured by correcting fluid?

Mr McCreedy has sent the papers to the West Midlands police requesting an investigation and has taken out four summonses against the council to force it to divulge the full facts.

The car pool waters won't settle for some time yet.

WEST WILTSHIRE

THE COLLAPSE of West Wiltshire District Council's model Thatcherite administration continues with the troubled Tories being trounced in a by-election.

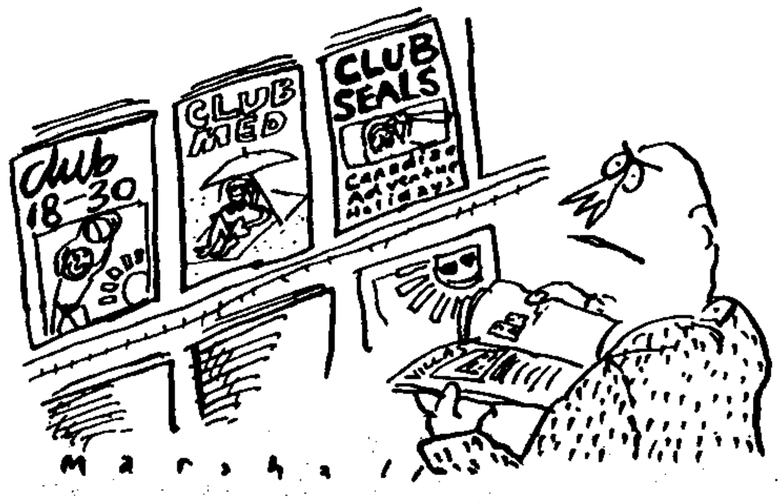
The poll in the Park ward of Trowbridge — normally a safe Tory seat — saw them beaten into fourth place with only 12 per cent of the vote. The breakaway Progressive Tories, formed in response to the recent scandal over dubious council business deals (see *Eyes passim*), came a glorious third.

Strangely, this pitiful result has encouraged Graham Payne, the Progressives' leader, and he is threatening that a rival Tory will be fielded at the next election against sitting MP Sir Dennis Walters.

Mr Payne, a firm believer in the healing powers of prayer, will no doubt be calling on the Lord to help in the campaign: it was Payne who recently tabled a motion suggesting that full meetings of the disgraced council should in future kick off with the assembled councillors joining hands in prayer.

His plan no doubt had the backing of council chief executive Don Latham, himself an active member of something called the Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship International, but the diabolical councillors threw it out.

Meanwhile only part of the report into Mr Latham's competence — it was commissioned after his dramatic suspension by a lynch mob and subsequent reinstatement in January — has been shown to the secretive councillors. Lord Gnome is sure that the bit kept under wraps contains nothing but praise...



DATELINE: Des Moines, Iowa, the flat bit before you get to Canada.

THE agricultural policy of the US is almost as preposterous as our own. The results are identical. Avalanches of money produce poor farmers, expensive food... and votes for politicians.

The average subsidy for an American cow exceeds the per capita income of more than half of mankind. The subsidy per farmer would be enough to buy each denimed yokel two new Mercedes a year or a pension fund which would yield a better income than they can earn by stockrearing or prairie cropping.

The US Office of the Budget calculates the direct subventions to farmers at $20 billion a year from federal agencies and $10 billion in tariff barriers against cheaper food. The average US citizen works two weeks a year just to pay for this bizarre welfare programme for under a million farmers. The subsidies represent more than the book worth of every farm, barn and tractor in the republic, according to the Cato Institute in Washington.

THE farming states all see themselves as the home of yeoman independence and freeholding entrepreneurial value. They reckon they toil and sweat to keep millions fed and resent the application of simple economics to their prairies.

The US farming sector ranks only beneath our own dear European Community Agricultural Policy as the biggest folly in the history of capitalism. And the contrast with the lavish over-production born of subsidy and protection is a mirror image of the other great mercantalist project, the miserable and empty-shelved Comecon. While the socialist five-year planners promise their collective farmers no payment, and are baffled at the underproduction, the bureaucrats in the US are equally bamboozled that rigged prices lead to overproduction.

THE US department of agriculture holds a staggering amount of grain — enough to provide 54 loaves for every person in the world. It responds by offering even higher subsidies. And while Congress awards grants for the slaughter of more than two million dairy cattle, it also increases rewards to farmers for milk production. No wonder Old Muck met a team from our own patriotic Milk Marketing Board in Iowa picking up tips on how to screw the consumer.

In Europe we started "setting aside" only recently: the Americans have been paying folk for not rearing turkeys and not growing potatoes since 1929.

Sally Deedes

MERCURY, the telephone company, recently dissociated itself entirely from a newly launched "multi-level marketing operation" organised by COIN (Communications Options Integrated Network Ltd).

Telephone subscribers are recruited by means of a circular and applicants are told that if they also become agents — for the sum of £60.00 — they will receive 1 per cent of all non-local calls made by the next five generations of subscriber. The system is described as being "Mercury compatible" and would appear to be an attractive proposition to Mercury since it should increase sales. So why is the firm so eager to dissociate itself?

A Mercury spokesman said: "The influx of new phones could make life very difficult for us. We have two main aims at Mercury — competitive pricing and the maintenance of a service with high standards of quality control. Each phone is provided with a card which the customer returns to Mercury for an authorisation code costing £8 per annum — once the telephone is programmed the customer is then able to make calls over the Mercury network. This way we had hoped to control their outlets and be able to provide the logistics in order to cope with the new subscribers. Since COIN's circular gives neither phone number or address any queries are coming through to Mercury itself."

The man behind COIN is Mr Jim Lodge, who works from an office in Oldham. He protested to me that he was not doing anything illegal since he did not mention Mercury. He had approached the firm, he said, and was upset it would not play ball. COIN, he thought, was about to take off: 15,000 circulars had been distributed and another 15,000 were being printed.

Meanwhile Mercury is monitoring the situation — and for any would-be subscriber, the phone number of the Oldham office is 061-6521551.

LONDON Underground Limited has produced a fact sheet to further insult the hundreds of thousands of commuters who daily squeeze on to the solitary working escalator that graces so many of the capital's dirty, dilapidated underground stations.

The paper says: "At the beginning of 1989 there were 80 escalators daily out of service." Fewer machines are said to be out of service now; but with more than 50 out of 275 escalators out of use each day LUL, we are assured, is not complacent.

Lift and Escalator Engineer David Hornby said: "We realise efficient escalators are as important as a reliable train service. To bring about further improvements we are attacking the problem on two fronts. A major programme of upgrading and refurbishing the majority of escalators is under way, while older machines are being replaced with brand new escalators."

I rang to check the progress on some of those escalators that have been out of order for more than a year: Green Park is expected to work again by 4 April; Bank and Highgate escalators are expected to move by the end of the month and Tottenham Court Road — with its dangling wires and exposed soot-black ceilings — is expected to be working by the end of the week.

Sporting Life

DETAILS of the final allocation of shares in SIS leave the racing industry with little to cheer about.

Racal Electronics is taking a 20 per cent stake and MAI, the money broking and media services group, 7 per cent. To comply with the ruling that the bookmakers should hold no more than 50 per cent of the shares, the Ladbroke stake drops to 18 per cent while Bass, owner of Corals, retains a further 12 per cent. George Walker's Brent Walker group, which bought the Hill-Mecca betting shop chain from Grand Metropolitan last autumn, now steps up to pocket 15 per cent. And Sears, former owner of Hills but no longer directly involved in betting, is doing very nicely thank you as it is being allowed to hang on to 13 per cent. The Racecourse Association stake remains at 10 per cent and down at the bottom there's the poor old Tote with 5 per cent.

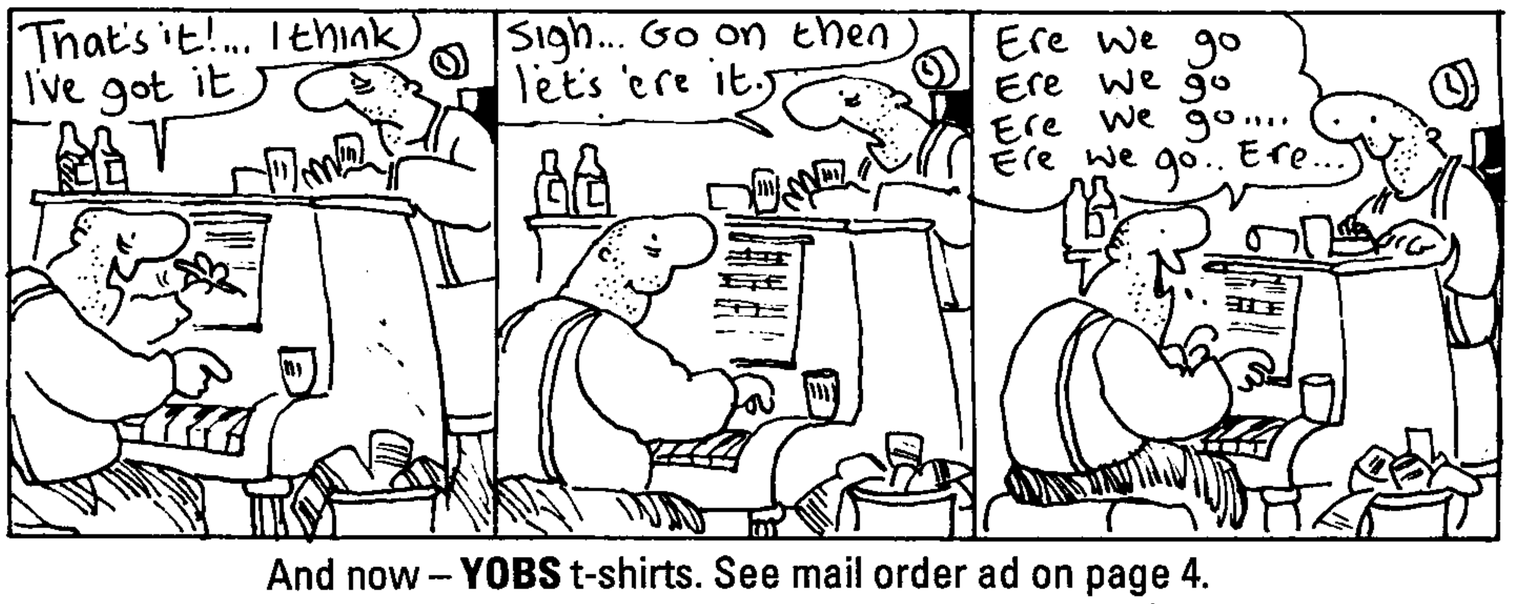
Everyone agrees SIS has a potentially vastly lucrative future. Yet here is a *firm which couldn't* exist without horse racing and in which 85 per cent of the shares are owned by organisations with no direct need or obligation to return any of their profits to the sport. It must be obvious to even the blindest habitués of Portman Square that there's as much chance of the bookies contributing more to racing via the betting levy as there is of Jean Machine being invited to open up a branch in the Tattersalls Enclosure at Ascot.

SIS was meant to be the Turf's great chance to make up the shortfall. So what have the administrators done about it and where was the Jockey Club's new chief executive, Christopher "The Invisible Man" Haines, and the rest of their famed financial connections when Walker and Stein were cutting up the SIS pie? "Oh we can't sully our hands with vulgar commerce," appears to have been the clarion cry.

Dynamic leadership was also on show at Sandown Park after the cancellation, due to bad weather, of their big sponsored meeting on 3 February. At Leopardstown in Ireland the loss of a similar day's racing resulted in it being transferred painlessly to a later date. Impossible in England, it seems.

This lack of flexibility was not exclusively the fault of Sandown's clerk of the course, Nick Cheyne, but this unhappy fellow managed to drop himself right in it nonetheless. Since he took over the job last year, he has treated us to a variety of hilarious impersonations: Harassed Man with a barbour and flat cap; Harassed Man who is meant to be out on the course somewhere, but his staff don't quite know where. Last week he rashly tried Harassed Man attempting to forecast the weather. Unfortunately for him his comments on the Friday were quoted, out of context, in Saturday's trade papers. Thus it was that the racing public, turning from thunder and lightning outside their windows to the Sandown form pages, saw pictures of a hopeful looking C of C exclaiming: "We're expecting a good drying wind and no problems." By midday Sandown Park and Cheyne had virtually disappeared beneath the rising flood. Promotion to chief executive can only be weeks away!

'Major Bonkers'



HUSBAND

And now – **YOBS** t-shirts. See mail order ad on page 4.

GREAT HOAXES

ANDREW "Brillo Pad" Neill and his organ, fresh from defeat in the high court, are both looking more foolish than ever following the front-page Lonrho bugging "story" foisted on The Big One last month by hoaxer Joe Flynn.

Flynn convinced *Sunday Times* City editor Jeff Randall that he had bugged a Lonrho executive on behalf of Alan Bond. He hadn't. The *Sunset Times* then published an apology and a piece on conman Flynn which, sadly, told only half the story.

According to Flynn, Randall telephoned him after the con; as well as the £700 he had paid Flynn, Randall claimed he now wanted to write a story about him. Flynn therefore gave Randall chapter and verse on all his exploits. But when the article finally appeared, one exploit was conspicuously absent: that was the one about the stroke Flynn had pulled on the *Sunset Times* about two years ago.

The hack who took virtually all the credit for exposing the Israeli nuclear plant at Dimona was Peter Hounam. After Hounam's Israeli informant, Mordecai Vanunu, was lured out of London by the Israeli secret service, Hounam got a call from Italy.

An Israeli national who would only call himself Edward said his brother was an Israeli MP. And it was this anonymous MP, apparently, who had told the mysterious Israeli who organised the abduction of Hounam's man, Vanunu, from Rome to Israel.

Hounam flew to Genoa and met none other than Flynn. He paid Flynn £450 for nothing at all and subsequently an *ST* stringer doshed out a further £400 in lire for the same again. No doubt this aspect of the Flynn con-circus will be soon fully investigated.

HUNT NEWS

DISABLED hunt saboteur Martin Masterman-Lister is having difficulty bringing a prosecution against two hunt followers who beat him up last July. The Crown Prosecution Service said there was insufficient evidence, so Masterman-Lister and his father, Terry Lister, decided to bring a private prosecution.

Masterman-Lister, who was severely injured in a car accident and can no longer run, was on his second hunt sabbing expedition last July when he was attacked. The meeting was a joint one between the Ytene Mink Hunt and another regional hunt in Wiltshire. Masterman-Lister was not carrying any sabotage equipment and wanted to watch events. When the hunt appeared, some followers ran towards the hunt sabs, shouting menacingly. Masterman-Lister got back to his car to find 30 to 40 hunt followers standing nearby, and two police officers. The policemen eventually walked off and Masterman-Lister decided to drive back to meet his fellow sabs.

There were mink hounds around, but none near the car. Yet when Masterman-Lister started his engine someone shouted "He's going to run over the hounds." Someone then put his knee into the side of the car, denting the door on the driver's side. Then a large, bearded man wrenched it open. He punched Masterman-Lister on the nose, causing it to bleed, and pulled him on to the ground. Another man hit Masterman-Lister in the face and a group of hunt followers gathered round to kick and punch him as he tried to curl up in a ball. After a minute or so they withdrew, leaving Masterman-Lister covered in bruises.

In considerable pain, he walked about 100 yards before he met two policemen and told them he had been violently assaulted. They appeared uninterested, but agreed to accompany him back to his car. Masterman-Lister was able to identify his two principal attackers and the policemen took down their names and addresses. It was later revealed to him by the police that the two men were Howard Soper, of Morn Farm, Weymouth, Dorset, and Anthony Smart, of Manor Farm Cottages, Near Gillingham, Dorset.

The officers could see Masterman-Lister had been beaten up and took him to the local hospital. He was examined and the following day he was X-rayed. His nose had been fractured and he is still unable to breathe through it as a result of the injury. When he came to collect his car, it had sustained a further £1,000-worth of damage.

In November, Wiltshire police wrote to Terry Lister saying: "There is no reasonable prospect of conviction against the two people your son identified." Neither Terry Lister nor Martin Masterman-Lister were satisfied and resolved to bring a private prosecution through Malmesbury Magistrates' Court. Despite the evidence — namely, medical evidence of Masterman-Lister's injuries, his immediate identification of his alleged attackers, the supplying of the names of his alleged assailants by police, and his own version of events as spelt out in a sworn statement — the magistrate refused to issue summons against Soper and Smart on charges of assault and criminal damage. Masterman-Lister now intends to appeal to the divisional court.

TWO NEW appointments at British Rail have speeded up the prime minister's policy of appointing people from the bitterly antirailways Department of Transport.

On 1 January John Welshy became BR's chief executive. He has spent some years with BR and was once responsible for the Channel tunnel rail link. He is also a former DoT man and it was at the department that he learnt how to sell off public assets cheap to private companies — expertise he put to good effect in last year's sale of British Rail Engineering to Trafalgar House and others for £4.9 million. BREL made £7m profit for its grateful new owners in the first six months of privatisation!

Breathing down Welshy's neck during this operation was an even more senior man at the department, John Palmer CBE. He was deputy secretary at the department in charge of railways, where he got on frightfully well with the new Minister of State for Running Down the Railways, Michael Portillo.

Palmer took his nice fat pension from BR last March and has now moved on to become chief executive of BR's Channel Tunnel Link Operation. He owes this lucrative new appointment (at a salary believed to be not a million pounds less than £70,000) to his former protégé — John Welshy.

BRITAIN's toadying attitude towards China over Hongkong has been further illustrated by an act of craven censorship in the colony worthy of that late great democrat, Nicolae Ceausescu.

The Government has cut a full 16 minutes from a documentary on the June 4 massacres in Peking on the grounds that it is propaganda. The film, *Mainland China 1989*, carries interviews with members of China's pro-democracy movement and an account of the events in Tiananmen Square. It was due to be shown at the Hongkong Arts Centre which was told only two hours before screening that the film had been cut.

This seems somewhat at odds with what Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd said during his recent visit to the colony about freedom of expression. A review board went on to uphold the censors' decision, saying the film was "likely to damage good relations with other countries".

Such blatant censorship no doubt gives Hongkong residents a taste of what is to come, post-1997.

Letters

Safe buy

Sir,

The moral bankruptcy of C. Flynn's objections to the Health Education Authority's AIDS advert is apparent in that s/he would rather chance increasing her/his children's risk of HIV infection than allow them to see a "neck-up" photo of a hetero-sexual couple. How extraordinary.

Yours,
EDWARD KING,
Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

Sir,

I have been a keen reader of Private Eye for the past twenty-five years. Indeed, the floor of my loft is starting to sag with the weight of past copies that are stored up there.

Today, however (much to my newsagent's amazement) I have cancelled my order.

I need hardly add that this is due to the outrageous full page Aids advert that you carry, coupled with the increasing use of obscene language in many of the letters and articles. So, as my family come before a good laugh. it's goodbye after twenty five years.

Yours sincerely,
W.D. HOLMES,
19 Eldridgehay, Derbyshire.

Sir,

C. Flynn is obviously a superior kind of pratt. The Eye is for grown-up children hopefully adult enough to use condoms and who would consider that sweet little picture, of a freckle-faced Frenchie, being pinned down and poked something chronic by a good looking, big-nosed Froggie, as something quite nice. More please.

MRS S. VAUGHAN-SCHIELE,
(On behalf of all sensible sex maniacs),
London, SE23.

Sir,

If C. Flynn (Eye 734) believes your organ is for children, it is probably just as well he has stopped buying it.

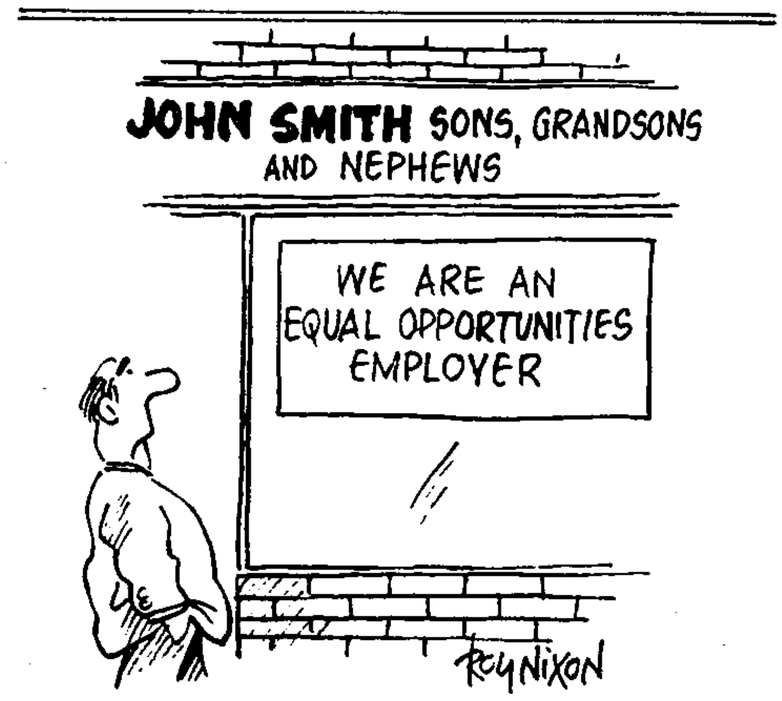
Yours faithfully,
P.J. LOVE,
Southampton.

Sir,

I am an 18-year-old girl trying to get back into a normal way of life. During the last couple of years I have gone through a lot that many of your readers may well dismiss as "teenage stupidity". Amongst those problems, I was on the game; a prostitute.

I am lucky enough to have not caught any sexually transmitted diseases, having not used condoms; having a knife to the throat by a sex-starved bastard makes one think twice about asking him to slip on a little rubber. So I am upset at reading C. Flynn's letter, she must've been obviously one of your most naïve readers. Thank you for the advert.

Name and addressed supplied.



Guest spot

Sir,

While I did show a film director and his wife the door at a dinner party, for working in South Africa and for applauding the hideous white supremacist and racist views of that country, I did not bite them, set fire to them, headbutt them, or even throw the odd table. In fact, burdened with shame they went surprisingly quietly and I wasn't even out of breath. Indeed, I was able to return to the table and eat their puddings.

If you are going to tell fibs about me, it might be a good idea to make sure the situations are physically possible. Had I headbutted the director's wife and "only managed to catch the end of her nose and forehead" I would have had to be gently swinging upside down from a chandelier. On another occasion you suggest I "smashed a half-full bottle of wine by bringing it down on a plate (which left a permanent gouge-mark on the wooden dining-table)" and then waved it about. In the real world none of the bottle would be left. Perhaps you are inferring I threatened astonished diners with the cork of an inferior second-growth label? I must add, though, that the very thought these days of my old Weidenfeld editor has led me to a new appreciation of the Duchess of York. I think I'll send her a Valentine.

Oh well, I just hope Jack Nicholson gets to play me in the film version, although in a perfect world it would be Sid Vicious.

Love and kisses,
PAUL PICKERING,

London, W11.

Sir,

Once again you have devoted precious column inches of your proud organ to Paul Pickering's boring problem. He in turn threatens to resume hostilities in yet another letter. Please do not publish it. Yours sincerely,

JUSTIN TEMPLER,

London NW6.

Sir,

Twice I have dared to invite Paul Pickering to my home, and have been disappointed to find him on both occasions the very model guest. Indeed, he is the only visitor who has ever noticed a small photograph of a dearly loved pet rabbit and troubled to enquire solicitously after it.

Yours sincerely,
STELLA BLAND,

London E3.

Sir,

I first met the highly-acclaimed comic novelist Paul Pickering many years ago in Sheffield and, to be honest, he struck me then as a bit of a nutter. Just about his only saving grace, in fact, was a rather sweet girlfriend called Alison.

However, I notice that his latest shenanigans appear to have happened at the dinner table. Could Pickering by any chance have been gorging himself on beef?

And if so, is it not possible that he may have fallen victim to bovine spongiform encephalogy — or mad cow disease, as it is commonly known. Indeed, it would make Pickering's nickname of "Raging Bull" chillingly appropriate.

Perhaps if in future, dinner hosts refrained from serving him meat and instead dished up a plate of beans and lentils (my vegetarian friend Janice could probably come up with a suitable recipe), wildman Pickering might be reduced to merely an innocuous fart.

Yours etc,
MALCOLM TATTERSALL,

Didsbury, Manchester.

Sour taste

Sir,

My attention has been drawn to the correspondence in Private Eye regarding Bitter Fame, my much-misunderstood biography of Sylvia Plath. Your readers may be able to imagine the frustrations of labouring for years under the lash of someone as overbearing and unwilling to listen as Olwyn Hughes. Yes, like Mrs Thatcher, Miss Hughes is bossy but informed. Bitter Fame owes much to the intelligence of some of her contributions. I spent weary hours rewriting her rewritings, but in the end the biography, though interfered with, represents a not too unhappy compromise between us.

Nothing nice at all, I'm afraid, can be said for the self-declared champions of the anti-Hughes party and their Save Poor Sylvia Society. Indeed, having experienced the effects of their combined ignorance, self-righteousness, malice and sheer crankiness, I half expect Sylvia herself to rise from her grave and hoot them down.

ANNE STEVENSON.

Dai hard

Sir,

Reference "Mine Host" Eye 734 on the "Nuclear waste site at Parys Mountain".

The most important of the mis-statements, half truths and coincidences listed in the article must be the contention that Parys Mountain is a "geologically perfect" site for dumping nuclear waste. This had our geological staff rolling in the aisles.

Parys Mountain is in fact extensively fractured and fissured, consequently extremely unsuitable as a receptacle for anything except possibly sloppy Eye hacks.

We count over 15 simple errors of fact in your article, not including the inaccuracy of its basic premise and other mistakes caused by the article obviously being about 9 months out of date.

We put it down to nancy boy London journalists being jealous of the superb scenery and working conditions here in North Wales.

Eat your hearts out, suckers.

Yours,
STAFF AT ANGLESEY MINING PLC,

North Wales.

Property speculator

Sir,

Your issue dated February 2nd advertised "excellent holiday home investments on the South African Riviera". Perhaps those of your readers who appreciate such investments are the same as the ones who would agree with your "HP Sauce" suggestion in the same issue that because Greville Janner is a prominent Jew, he is responsible for the way Israel treats the Palestinians.

UBAID ANSARI,

Headington, Oxford.

Droppings

Sir,

If the kind of unreported Parliamentary intervention mentioned as the lead item in your HP column of 2nd Feb is an example of the best which can be found, I wonder what other racist droppings have thankfully been ignored.

That Tony Marlowe's remark about Israeli treatment of Palestinians at the time when Greville Janner, "a prominent Jew", was complaining about condition in the Hong Kong camps should be treated as worthy of repeating, says much about your correspondent's personal problem and little for his sense of wit, humour or insight for which I subscribe to your foul rag.

Yours faithfully,
I.M. WISEMAN.

Ilford, Essex.

Lookalike

Trevor

Andrew

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the remarkable resemblance between Andrew Lloyd Webber, of the Really Useful Theatre Company, and Trevor the Traction Engine, friend of Thomas, the Really Useful Tank Engine?

I wonder if by any chance they are related? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN D. SHAW,

Liverpool L18 7JU.

Well saved

Sir,

You've fallen (Eye 734) for the old "heavy-handed policing" line, and we have to put you right.

In your report of policing at the Middlesbrough-Leeds fixture, where 2,100 away fans were allocated tickets, you fail to highlight the most important factors:

i) Of any Leeds away contingent, it is normal for 60-70% to be "soldiers": that is, they can theoretically be counted on, in the event of trouble, to join the "ruck". (The organisers of the Service Crew at Leeds are rather proud of this. Chelsea, Milwall, West Ham and Cardiff City can boast similar percentages, though in very different numbers.)

ii) It was members of the Service Crew who infiltrated Middlesbrough sections: and so the police would transfer them to terracing already occupied by their brethren, so as to keep all those gentle souls in one place. Similarly, the influx of ticketless Leeds fans from the streets had to be rapidly dealt with, to avoid danger to the public.

iii) The terracing which you suggest could have been used is "no-man's land": particularly useful at Middlesbrough, where home fans have blinded at least one away supporter with darts thrown at close range.

High-profile policing has saved hundreds of lives around English football grounds. If, for example, the Leeds-Chelsea fixture of last season had been a pay-at-the-gate, relaxed operation, the Service Crew and Chelsea's Head Hunters could have disposed of 8,000 apiece. Try stopping that one by improving the toilets!

More power to your organ; but be discriminating in its use.

Yours, in realism,
THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE,

Name and address supplied

I-SPY

BR Bath

Submitted by B. Anderton. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Ayres on a g-string

Sir,

I was unable to get a copy of your magazine of late December but a colleague has brought to my attention a frankly unflattering reference to Pam Ayres Hong Kong Christmas Special, a programme it was my privilege to produce and direct, in which it was offered up as a yardstick for all time lows in TV production. This undeserved criticism of a woman who in a more enlightened society would have been appointed poet laureate instead of such metric upstarts as Betjamin [sic] and Hughes, is doubly destructive at a time when diplomatic temperatures are already running high in Hong Kong. Surely such considered insights into the Chinese mind as this programme undoubtedly provided can only serve to bring our two peoples closer together. It is no coincidence that Ms Ayres was born a quill's throw from Stratford on Avon although at the time of writing there has been a limited response to my proposal for Pam Ayres Panamanian Christmas, however, it is still early in the year and I hope some Yuletide wound healing may yet be possible in that troubled country. In closing, may I refer your columnist to Ms Ayres oeuvre "The Journalist who lost his writing hand in a threshing machine" and suggest that he stays well away from Oxfordshire at harvest time.

I remain,
ALAN RAVENSCROFT,
(Producer/Director
Pam Ayres Hong Kong
Christmas),

London, NW1.

Blues jokes

Sir,

Larry Adler misheard Billie Holiday, she didn't say, "Man, you don't play that fuckin' thing, you sing it."

She said: "Man, you can't play that fuckin' thing — fuck off!"

Yours laboriously,
HARRY LAIDLER
(Famous organ sucker),

Condom, France.

PS: Why all this sudden publicity for our town?

Sir,

The removal of the word "fuckin'" from Larry Adler's story (Eye 734) appears to detract neither from the ribticklin' wit of the anecdote nor from the modest and self-effacin' nature of its raconteur.

Yours,
EDWARD COOPER,

London, SW1.

Sir,

I would like to apply for the gold mini-mouthorgan offered by Mr Adler by suggesting, " 'Man,' said Miss Holiday, 'don't you play that thing' ", which has a much better impact.

Also, if the Eye insists on using such terms as, "buttock", "plonker", "shite", "fuckin" (twice), "donger" and "Robert Maxwell", perhaps its astute correspondents can explain the misnomer "blowjob".

Yours sincerely,
GUY R. SHARP,

Catford, SE6.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"I've got some years on my chest now, and the winds not blowing them off!"
FRANK BRUNO, News at One
(Andrew Leslie)

"The problem is that there are so many people alive in the Soviet Union now who gave their lives for that sort of thing."
JAMES DINGLEY, Channel 4
(Gerry O'Brien)

"And there he is sitting in exactly the same place on the other side of the ring."
HARRY CARPENTER, BBC1
(David L. Carr)

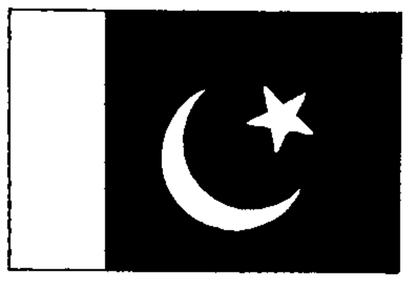
"The hurdles we had to climb were traditionally untrodden... so we were blazing new trails all the time."
POWER EXPERT, Radio 4
(Ken Wilson)

"Going through Jimmy White's mind now will be the winning post."
DENNIS TAYLOR, ITV
(M.L. Allsop)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

Letter From **Pakistan**



from Our Own Correspondent

EXPECTATIONS were far too high when Benazir Bhutto took office, thus her government's stunning lack of achievements are bitterly resented. Not one of the government's election promises has been fulfilled and a cabinet reshuffle, ordered late last year after Benazir scraped through a vote of no-confidence, is seen as a public relations gimmick.

Nor has there been the breakthroughs hoped for in foreign relations. The *rapprochement* with India is proving a mirage and relations have become very tense since the upsurge in Kashmir. India blames Pakistani subversion and incitement for the Muslim uprising, put down so brutally by Indian troops. Relations are further aggravated by refugees coming from India's part of Kashmir. In Afghanistan, instead of the long-awaited peace settlement the struggle continues with three million Afghan refugees staying on in Pakistan.

The economy is also causing much popular discontent and inflation is hitting hard. There used to be nearly two million of us Pakistanis working in Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates, all sending home money. Now the Gulf boom is over we are being replaced by cheaper Indians and Thais.

Two much-hyped government initiatives have also collapsed. First was the anti-drugs crusade which fizzled after the government failed to bring proceedings against the only big fish in the heroin exporting racket it had dared to arrest. Operation "Clean-Up" was the next to be abandoned. It had the admirable aim of confiscating illegal arms as the country is awash with Kalashnikovs which "fell off the lorry" on the way to the Afghan rebels. Unfortunately, only small numbers of arms were taken and all belonged to MQM members in Karachi and Hyderabad. Not enough were taken to check the violence — but quite enough were taken to infuriate MQM, Benazir's onetime political allies who had swept the two big cities in Sind province.

But after a sustained challenge by a remarkably united opposition, the signs are that the Bhutto government will survive and the prospect of April elections is receding fast. One reason is that even opposition leaders cannot be certain of winning seats.

Stability in Pakistan is maintained by our wily old president, the top army general and Benazir herself. Between them, President Ghulam Ishaq Khan and General Baig are able to dictate terms to a weakened prime minister. Thus Benazir may well continue, but on probation.

She has against her not only inexperience in power, but her sex. With her second baby born in January, Benazir is out of action. It hardly matters. The government has been almost totally paralysed by a contest for control of the country's main province, the Punjab. And the poisonous personal rivalry between Punjab's chief minister Nawaz Sharif and Benazir is as strong as ever.

Nawaz Sharif recently took steps towards what looked like independence. He told civil servants and police in Punjab to ignore orders from Islamabad on pain of losing their jobs. Not surprisingly they opted for the nearby boss in Lahore, rather that the remote lady prime minister.

The Punjab is too important to Pakistan to be ignored, accounting for 60 per cent of Pakistan's people and even more of its wealth. This crisis over relations between a weak centre and the provinces is postponed, not resolved.

Benazir's image is slipping too — even in her home province Sind. She has certainly not been helped by the notorious greed of the Zardaris, her in-laws, and has completely failed to check the commission-taking wheeler-dealing of her husband and Mr Ten Per Cent, her father-in-law, who has energetically gone for the fruits of power. Another problem is Benazir's car: her purple Rolls is instantly recognised and seen as a classic English symbol of fabulous wealth.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

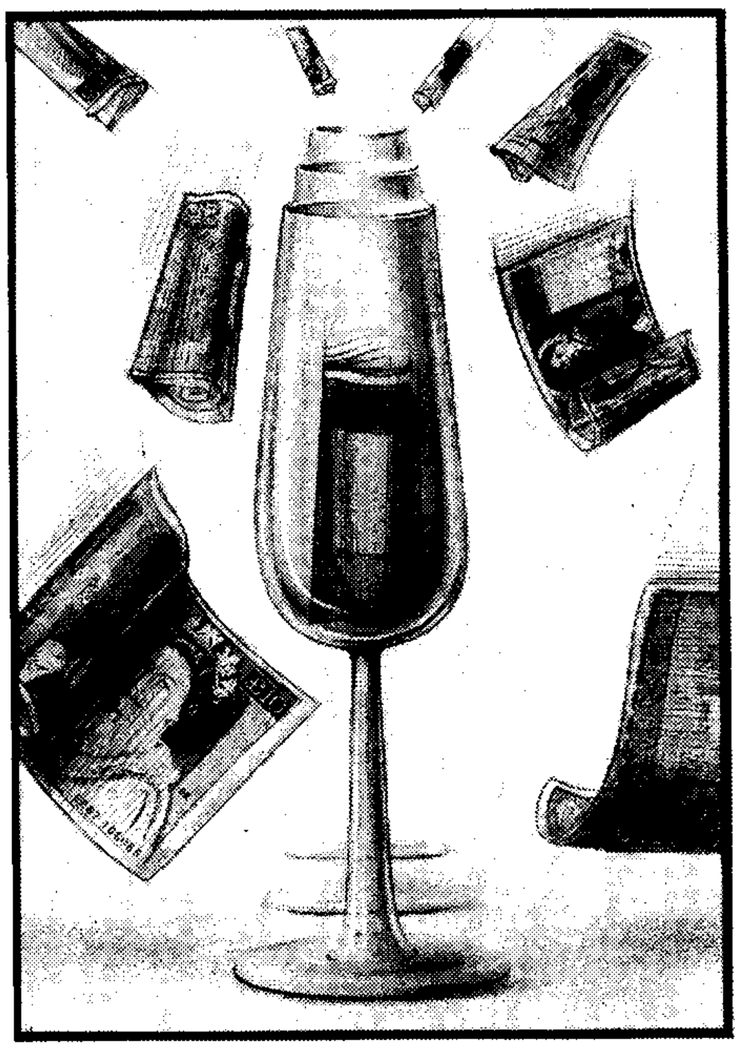
TRUE STORIES

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN

INTERVIEWED in the lobby of his hotel, Mr Frank Rankin said: "We were on our way by ferry to Spain when a gang of motorcyclists suggested putting on a cabaret in the ship's lounge to while away the time, many of the holidaymakers, myself included, welcomed the plan. But when they began by dropping their trousers, wedging £10 notes into their bottoms, and then trying to fart them into champagne glasses, I felt ashamed to be British. The worst of it was, many families were present, and the children began to shout 'Olé'."

DURING an action for breach of contract against a firm of Limerick undertakers, Mr James O'Hagen, giving evidence for his aunt, Mrs Mary Doon, said: "I happened to glance at the late Mr Doon's coffin just before Mass began and noticed that it seemed to be sagging. During Mass I saw that the bottom was coming away, and realising that when the coffin was moved from the altar rails the worst might occur, I went outside and informed the undertakers. Without more ado they marched in, removed the coffin to the sacristy, and while Communion was being served the church resounded to the noise of electric drills and hammerings. When they returned we saw that the coffin was not, strictly speaking, the same coffin at all, but something that had been knocked up out of the former coffin and a few odd planks."

ON THE course of a speech to mark the anniversary of the death of Sir lambabey Okuk, the late prime minister of Papua New Guinea, his son-in-law, Mr Engi Goroka, said: "We remember him as an active and controversial figure who reached back from the grave. A month after he departed the country came to a halt and chaos reigned supreme. Millions of kinas' worth of damage was done to hospitals and leisure centres. In Mount Hagen, his homeplace, shops were looted and the police were stoned by his friends and followers because they tried to keep order instead of mourning like everybody else. So he is remembered as a pillar of society who kept violence at bay."



THE POLICE of Renmark in South Australia have been given the Knacker of the Year Award by their colleagues after admitting that, having cashed some $15,000 of bad cheques over a period of ten days from a bank account he had been allowed to open, Mr Greg Sillock, a 16-stone confidence man who had been featured several times on the television programme Australia's Most Wanted was given a lift to the airport in a police car.

DECLARING that Wall Parish Council "must go all the way with this one, or the next local development might be called Sodom Lane", Councillor Robson Coulson emphasised that to name a local, luxury housing development Mithras Court was wholly inappropriate.

"Mithras," said Councillor Dodds, supporting Councillor Coulson, "was a Persian god and this is mediaeval Northumberland. The name takes my breath away."

Mr William Weightman, the developer, said he had been prepared to change the name from Mithras Court to Mithras Close but he was not prepared to pay compensation to future residents "who may well have had stationery printed with their new address".

SENTENCING Mr Godfrey Wagura Gatama to death for the armed robbery of £500, the Nairobi magistrate Miss Ang'awa said that as the case against Mr Gatama had been proved beyond all reasonable doubt she was treating him as a first offender.

INFORMATION: Motor Cycle News 13.12.89; Westmeath Reporter 13.12.89; Papua New Guinea Courier 12.10.89; Adelaide Advertiser 30.11.89; Hexham Courant 20.12.89; Kenya Daily Nation 1.12.89.

MONITORS: Dr Ben Yorke-Baker, Anne Reilly-Deas, David Eveleigh, Drs D.G. & M. Robertson, R.C.S. Day, Jamie Bowden.

Fare increase – BR's new shock

by Our Transport Staff
Henry Porter and Quentin Crewe

Passengers on British Rail were today still reeling from the latest announcement that for the second day running there would be no further rail fare increases.

A BR spokesman apologised to Britain's two million commuters, explaining that they "deeply regretted the shortage of increases over the period" and promised that "further sharp rises in fares will be implemented as soon as possible".

Cecil Parkinson is 53 per cent up.

POETRY CORNER

Lines on the First Anniversary of Mr Murdoch's Sky Television

So.
Farewell then
Sky Television.

You are
One.

As is
Your
Audience.

B.S.B. Thribb (17½)

10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill,

I'm sorry I had to leave the table at the RAC the other night. I intended to return, but Mrs Van Der K. turned out to have arrived at Heathrow, accompanied by her two Rotties, Kruger and Smuts, en route for Crufts, and had run into a bit of strife with Immigration. Both dogs were in quarantine and Mrs Van Der K. herself had been strip-searched by an Indian security lady for whom she had conceived a very violent dislike. I was the knight in shining armour who was expected to drive out to Heathrow with a warrant from the Boss ordering the security lady to be summarily executed and Mrs Van Der K. and the dogs driven into central London in an armed motorcade. I fear it may be the end of a long and beautiful friendship.

When I tried to explain that it was not as easy as she seemed to think, the good lady exploded with rage. "Denis! You and your wife, I suspected all along, are dangerous communists. I have watched with alarm her squalid romance with that awful Russian man with the disfiguring birthmark. How could you stand idly by I have often wondered, but I expect at your advanced age you are too decrepit to fulfil your marital duties or to feel any resentment if others fulfil them for you. Now this woman your wife cannot wait to come to South Africa to shake the bloodstained hand of the Great Judas himself, F.W. de Klerk. You could not bear our beloved homeland to be such a paradise, you had to drag it down to the same sink of anarchy and filth as I find exists here. Well, a few of us intend to establish our own Fortress Fatherland with our Fuhrer Eugene de Terreblanche. No Communists admitted, so you and your wife need not apply for a visa when the taps of the bloodbath are turned on. The golf clubs you left behind after your last visit will be ceremonially burnt by our loyal houseboys. Dorcas was horrified to find an empty bottle under your bed. How repulsive! Horst and I always suspected that while masquerading as a decent supporter of South Africa you were in fact a secret drunkard."

At this point there was the sound of a scuffle and the poor woman was dragged screaming from the telephone, much to my relief as it was by this time gone two and they were closing the Club. When I eventually found my way home I did my best to raise the matter with the Mem, but got my ear pretty severely bitten off for my pains.

I ran into Gascoigne-Pees at Huntercombe. You remember I am sure that he is quite a big noise in the Hush-hush Department, ie MI5. We had a few drinks, and he got very hot under the collar about this Colin Wallace chap trying to stir the shit over the so-called Dirty Tricks. The Ministry chaps, he argued, were only doing their duty, drawing the public's attention to the fact that the Labour Party were all hand in glove with the IRA, that Wilson was a Russian spy and up to no good with that secretary woman of his, and that Heath was a poof. Later on he became less reasonable, downing trebles at a gulp. A nasty glint came into his eye, he gripped me by the lapel, and said "It's like this Thatcher. You tell your little lady we don't want any busybodies digging through the files, okay? Otherwise it might come to light just who had benefited from all this, if you take my meaning. Wilson kaput, Heath kaput, who comes strolling onto the field to the cheers of the great unwashed? You tell her Mum's the word, all right old boy?" His grip on my throat was by this time quite painful, making it difficult to breathe, but I said I would pass on his views to the appropriate quarter, whereupon he let go and lurched from the room, snatching his crutsh from the hatstand.

Tempers have been getting a bit frayed at this end over the big Kremlin AGM. Ingham, M's propaganda chief, ran amok at a press lunch, and basted the reptiles in emotional mood, telling them they were all liars and yobs, and bursting into tears when he recalled the good old days of British journalism when he himself wore the green eyeshade. The real reason for this was that despite having been issued with a full-colour press pack in words of one syllable explaining how the Boss had single-handedly rid the earth of the scourge of Communism, not one of them had given an inch to the story, pretending instead that Gorbo had done it all off his own bat. To cap it all, Ingham had to call off the Boss's Mandela press conference on Sunday because she was literally speechless with rage because the Great Redeemer had called for the Armed Struggle to continue.

The latest in the Maurice saga is that he was in the throes of a reconciliation with Miss Mifsud, the Air Malta Lady, which had reached a delicate point, requiring Maurice for some reason to sleep in the greenhouse. During the full and frank exchanges that led up to this, Maurice had omitted to listen to the weather forecast and in the second hurricane the entire structure became airborne, landing untouched in a swimming pool next door much to Maurice's bewilderment.

Any chance of your joining me on a day's hover to Dieppe to taste the Pernod Nouveau?

Yrs a la carte,

Denis

Kohl to annex E. Europe

IN a five-hour speech to hundreds of thousands of cheering East Germans, Chancellor Adolf Kohl last night called for "Ein Reich, ein volk, einnother one, please, bartender."

As searchlights played above a sea of flags, the Chancellor violently denounced what he described as "Mr Neville Hurd's disgraceful provocation in calling for a cautious approach to the German unification question".

"Who do these Britischers think they are to say that we have no right to re-unite with our fellow countrymen in the DDR, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, the USSR and ze vorld!" said Herr Kohl, his voice rising to a hysterical climax.

"We vill be in Moscow by Christmas!" pledged the controversial Herr Hitler, as he took the salute of his millions of adoring followers.

"Make no mistake — German re-unification of the world is an idea whose time has come. Third time lucky, as we Germans say. Vorsprung Durch Technik. Have a nice day."

by Our Man In Munich
Konrad Blackshirt

Reprinted from the Daily Telegraph, 1939

Alternative Rocky Horror Service Book

No. 94: Solemnisation of Matrimony for a Celebrated Pugilist and his Live-In Companion

The President: My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen. This match is set at 15 stone 7, being an heavyweight matrimonial bout between on my left, in the black tie, N. *(Here he shall name Sir Frankswell Bruno MBE, or other title as he may hold)* and on my right, in the white dress, M. *(Here he shall name Laura.)* Pray silence, please.

(As the bride and groom process an appropriate anthem shall be played such as the theme music from the Andrex toilet tissue commercial)

THE RESPONSES

The President: Come on, Frank.

Congregation: Come on, Frank, my son.

The President: Use your left.

Congregation: Keep out of trouble.

THE MARRIAGE

The President: Do you N. take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?

N: Yes, Harry.

The President: How do you see your marriage ideally?

N: Soft, strong and very long.

Congregation: Softness is our strength.

THE READING

(There shall then follow a short reading from a suitable text, i.e. Aladdin or Babes in the Wood or similar)

THE BLESSING

(The President at this point shall pass the microphone over to a co-celebrant. It may be Sir Harold Carpenter of BBC's popular sports programme "Sportsnight")

Harry: Well done, N. I think I can honestly say that the whole of the British nation's heart went out to you today.

N: Boxing is a different game of cricket. Know what I mean, Harry?

All: We know what you mean.

OFFERTORY

(A hymn shall be sung during which Mr Terence Lawless shall pass among the congregation and take 50 per cent of the collection)

President: If anyone here know of any just cause why N. should stand an earthly chance against Mike Tyson, let them speak now or forever hold their peace. *(Silence)*

President: Seconds and everyone else out.

(The congregation departs to Regency suite or similar venue to eat Hawaiian Melon and glazed carrots)

No. 95: Solemnisation of Matrimony for a Pregnant Member of the Royal Family and her Live-In Companion

The President: Dearly beloved, who giveth away this story?

N. & M. *(Marina and Paul as it may be):* We are not giving it away. It will cost £100,000.

Reunification – Hurd's shock boring speech

by Our German Staff,
Isaiah Berlin and Max Wall

In an amazingly dull speech to a group of German industrialists, the Foreign Secretary, Mr Douglas Hurd, yesterday urged "a very cautious approach" to whatever it was that he was talking about, but he would ask Mrs Thatcher when he got home.

Prompted by a Foreign Office aide, he went on to urge that the whole question of the reunification of Britain was one that should be approached with extreme caution.

East, West, Lord Home's Best

"As we all know," Mr Hurd said, "it is one of the real tragedies of the post-war era that Britain has been divided into two separate nations.

"The one has raced ahead economically — consumer goods, credit cards, McDonald hamburgers, rent boys.

"While the other has looked enviously at such prosperity, slumped in a state of economic stagnation under a succession of socialist MPs — sliced bread, clogs, whippets, Bill Tidy, what could be more disagreeable?"

Obscene But Not Hurd

"The plain fact is that we have learned to live with these two systems. It would be reckless, not to say downright foolhardy, to rush precipitately into a reunification of two such disparate societies.

"It is not being alarmist to imagine the day when one fully reunited Fatherland could pass under the mesmeric sway of a charismatic, power-mad leader with a small moustache and a handbag, who, before we knew where we were, could plunge us into war with the rest of Europe."

Douglas Hurd is 73.

All-day Panorama Special

(continued)

DIMBLEBORE (*for it is one of them*): ... and the pictures we're seeing now live from Soweto and there you can see... Paddy Ashdown (*shot of Ashdown*) sorry... ah yes there they are in Soweto and we now have in the studio Mr Mbiki Mbutu.

(Elderly black man in suit)

Mr Mbutu, as someone who knew Nelson Mandela for five minutes in 1961, what do you think his feelings will be when he is released in what can only now be a matter of minutes... hold on... sorry... we're going back live to Capetown where something is happening, we think.

(Shot of man in shirtsleeves with moustache talking inaudibly into microphone. In background, people wave flags and grin at camera giving clenched fist salute)

DIMBLEBORE: Thank you, Kevin. And now as the release of Mr Nelson Mandela becomes a reality, on this historic day when history is being made as Mr Nelson Mandela is released we can only guess what his emotions must be. Paddy Ashdown, you've never met him, what do you imagine Mr Mandela's feelings would be were he to meet you?

PADDY ASHDOWN: Good evening, I think it's too early...

DIMBLEBORE: I'm sorry, I have to interrupt you there as we've got live pictures here of the jubilant scenes outside South Africa House in Trafalgar Square...

(Cut to Neil Kinnock in Wales watching Dimblebore on TV)

KINNOCK (*holds up clenched fist*): Amandala! Viva España! This is a totally historic day both historically and totally... (*takes out Welsh onion*)

DIMBLEBORE: Moving scenes there from Wales and now we're only minutes away from talking to someone else (*consults script*) er... Mr Mazola Mbokala, how do you think Mr Kinnock is feeling on this historic day?

(Cut to pictures of South African police beating up demonstrators)

DIMBLEBORE: Historic pictures there — for the first time we're able to show you people being beaten up. Mr Mbokala, how do you think they are feeling?

(2nd elderly black man in suit)

MBOKALA: Well, Jonathan...

DIMBLEBORE: And we have to leave you there as we're going over live to the snooker where I believe something is happening...

(Cont. all day and night)

"Kill Whites Now"—

Mandela's shock claim

from Our Man In Capetown
Conrad White

IN an amazing outburst to cheers of his bloodthirsty supporters, Mr Nelson Mandela shocked world opinion by calling for an immediate massacre of all whites in South Africa by midday tomorrow.

Said Mandela in the controversial passage of his speech: "This is a time for reconciliation. I come before you as a man of peace. We must all work together to bring about harmony in a non-racial South Africa."

© *The Daily Telegraph*

DAN DIRE
PILOT OF THE FUTURE?
by HUGH STUN
THE MENTAL MASTER CRIMINAL FROM THE BLUE PLANET WAS THWARTED IN HER PLANS TO CONTROL THE GALACTIC GAME.
I'VE DECIDED TO CHANGE MY POLICY.
AMAZING! SHE'S SUFFERING FROM AN IDENTITY CARD CRISIS.
IT'S AN END TO MINDLESS HOOLIGANISM.
SHE'S NOT GOING TO SHOVE HER IDEAS DOWN OUR THROATS.
ZAP!
LATE SCORE: FOOTBALL ONE, MAGGON DIDN'T.
MEANWHILE ON ROSE-1, SPACE ACE COLONEL DAN DIRE CHALLENGED THE MAGGON'S MIND MELDERS OVER THE RE-EDUCATION OF THE GALAXY....
YOU EVIL FIENDS! YOUR SYSTEM IS TURNING EARTHLINGS INTO MORONS.
OF COURSE. AND THEN THEY VOTE FOR US!
THERE SHOULD BE SMALLER CLASSES.
YOUR RIGHT! A SMALL RULING CLASS!
SUFFERIN' STANDARDS OF EDU...EDU...LERNING!
MEANWHILE, THE DISGRACED BLUBBA THE GUT, HER ERSTWHILE BLOATED PARTNER IN CRIME, HAD STRUCK IT RICH.
I ALWAYS PROMISED THINGS WOULD TURN OUT GRAND — 100 GRAND FOR ME!
HELP! IT'S A BANK-JOB!
SWAG
SWAG
WATCH OUT, HE'S LOADED!
STICK 'EM UP!
O.K., 17% IT IS.
THE GLUTTONOUS BLUBBA GREEDILY DEVOURED THE TREASURES OF MAMMON....
WELCOME, O VAST ONE! YOUR EXPERTISE WILL BE BEYOND WORTH!
I THINK THE WORD IS WORTHLESS!
IT'S JOBS FOR THE FATBOYS!
HE'S LAUGHABLE ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK.
BY THE SEVEN SEATS ON THE BOARD!
BUT SKULLDUGGERY WAS AFOOT IN THE MAGGON'S SECRET POLICE SQUADS...
I HAVE BEEN MISINFORMED ABOUT THE DISINFORMATION.
YES. SOMEONE HAS TOLD YOU YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT.
ZAP!
THERE IS NO NEED FOR AN ENQUIRY BECAUSE, ER... I KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON ALL THE TIME... WHOOPS!
SHE'S ABSOLUTELY MARBLELESS!

TV Tonight
ARENA SPECIAL
BBC2

Great Bores of Fire

(Loud rock music. Shot of aged man seen standing at piano in oversized dinner jacket)

VOICE OVER: Jerry Lee Loony is a rock 'n' roll legend. Like all legends he is a paradox, and the new film of his life explores that paradox. He preaches the Gospel yet he plays the Devil's music.

(Cut to Loony slumped over bottle of Ol' Opry's Tennessee Rye. Bearded man is earnestly asking him questions)

BEARDIE *(for it is he):* In your earlier work, Mr Loony, you often evoke a traditional Baptist musical fundamentalism which you interpolate with a hybrid rhythm and blues combined with country and western lyricism driven by a hard-edged rock 'n' roll pulse. Was this intentional?

(Loony mumbles unintelligibly in southern accent)

BEARDIE: So what you are saying is that in your classic 1951 hit for the now immortal Suntan label, *Whole Lotta Drinkin' Goin' On*, we saw the antithesis of this Gospel/Hillbilly/Folk-Rock crossover?

LOONY: Burp.

ENDS

Unemployment falls by seven

Lawson's jobs in full

IN A heroic lone bid to reduce Britain's unemployment figures, Mr Nigel Lawson yesterday took on seven more jobs for the price of 500.

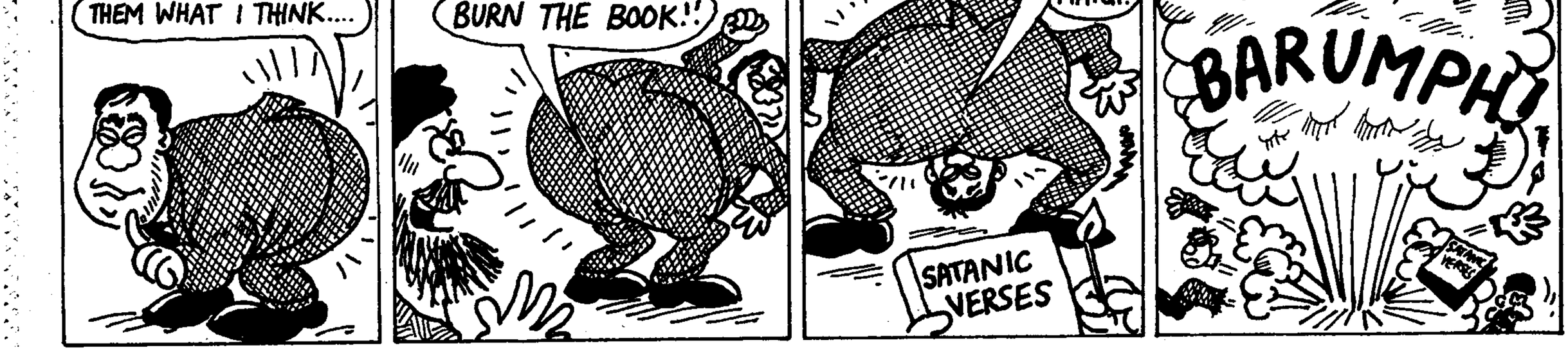
Among the latest posts taken by the former Chancellor are:

- Non-executive director to **Gnome De Suit**, the merchant bankers (£150,000-a-day);
- Financial consultant to **Consolidated Greed Holdings** (SA), the leisure-to-armaments conglomerate (£250,000-a-day);
- **Ron and Reg Fruit and Veg**, Uxbridge Road, the West London-based tomatoes-to-kiwi-fruit retailing consortium (£25 in readies);
- **Weightwatchers** "Before" photographing modelling consultancy, in association with Robert Maxwell (fee undisclosed);
- "Uncle Nige Answers Your Money Queries", financial consultancy, in **Barcode Weekly** (£750 per 500 words);
- Children's book series consultant, **Budget The Helicopter**: all royalties to go to royalty.
- Watch this space.

Said a spokesman for Gnome de Suit: "We are delighted to welcome Mr Lawson who is to work a demanding 5 minutes every Tuesday."

Replying to accusations that Mr Lawson was "selling his contacts" and "peddling inside information", the spokesman replied: "Mr Lawson knows nothing about anything. That is why we hired him."

INTRODUCING VAZ, YOUR FAVOURITE COMIC!


VAZ
KREEPY KEITH!
HE TALKS THROUGH HIS TROUSERS!
VOTE FOR ME!
SATANIC VERSES
HELLO READERS! I BELIEVE IN THE AUTHOR'S RIGHT TO FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION
UH-OH! I SPY MUSLIMS!
... AND FROM MY CONSTITUENCY! YIKES!!
LEICESTER EAST
DEATH TO RUSHDIE! BURN THE BOOK!!
KILL NOW
PETROL
I'M GOING TO TELL THEM WHAT I THINK....
DEATH TO RUSHDIE! BURN THE BOOK!!
CRUMBS! CAREFUL WITH THAT MATCH!
SATANIC VERSES
BARUMPH!

On Other Pages

★ Roy of the Mullahs

★ Finbarr Saunders (Lab) and His Amazing Double Standards

★ The Fat Slugs

★ Buster Promise and His Unfeasibly Small Guts

★ *and* George Melly, The Man In The Perry

The Daily Teheranagraph

(AYATOLLAH CONRAD BLACKALLAH, PROP.)

Millions hear fatwa from Britain's spiritual leader

MILLIONS of devout liberals gathered at London's ICA Centre hoping to see the first appearance in public for over a year of the country's spiritual leader, the Bhagwan Shri Rushdie.

Mystery has surrounded the exact whereabouts of the Bhagwan since his "retreat from public view" in January 1989.

But it was recently announced that he would be making "a very important statement" to all his followers at the ICA.

Last night many of the most influential of the country's intelligentsia gathered to hear the message, including Miss Joan Bakewell, Mr Michael Ignatieff and a lot of actresses.

As the solemn hour approached, the faithful saw the black-robed figure of the Bhagwan's most trusted lieutenant, the world-famous playwright Dame Harold Pinter, stepping out onto the podium, clutching a huge sheaf of paper containing the Master's words.

For more than two hours he read out the solemn message in a low, droning voice, while the faithful listened with bowed heads.

"Nothing in this world can be described as truly sacred," intoned Mr Pinter, "except my book, *The Satanic Verses*, which is why it should be published immediately in paperback."

"Remember," Mr Pinter concluded, "Mr Rushdie writes exceedingly good books — which is more than can be said for Mr Kipling, the imperialist, revanchist pig, whose books should be banned as racist filth".

Ms Margaret Drabble is 87.

STORM DAMAGE

A VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL POLICY HOLDERS WITH THE GNOME ALLIANCE

IF you were a victim of the recent storms, we would love to help in any way we can.

It may be that your roof has blow off. If so, it would be a good idea to get it fixed as soon as possible, otherwise your furniture could get wet, and we don't want that, do we?

If floodwater is pouring into your house, it may be advisable to go upstairs and shout for help. Be sure to take a good book, as it may take some time coming!

As you survey the scenes of chaos and destruction, you may even be thinking of claiming on your insurance. Our advice is this. Don't on any account try to ring us, as all the phone lines have been blown down. Don't write to us, as our headquarters is under 6 feet of water, and anyway Mr E. Strobes, our Head of Claims, has taken a long holiday in the Cayman Islands with all your money.

In addition, the recent powercuts have erased all computer records of your dealings with us, and all paper records have been destroyed in the volcanic eruption which hit Staines last Tuesday and was not reported on the news for security reasons.

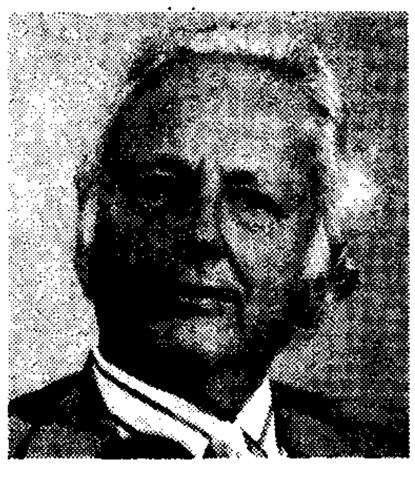
By the way, your premium is overdue and, if it is not paid immediately, we may be forced to withdraw your cover.

Please send cheques at once to Mr E. Strobes, Banco di Noriega, Savundra City, Cayman Islands.

GNOME ALLIANCE — STRENGTH THROUGH WEAKNESS

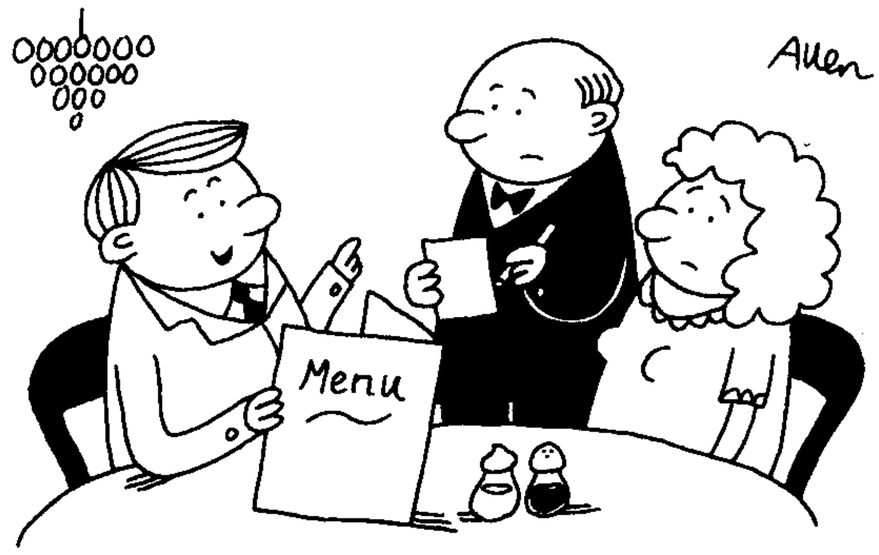
New from the Eye

It's Garrick Club rhyming slang!



Game pie	**Club tie**
Large sherry	**Perry**
Change at Swindon	**Donald Sinden**
William Rees-Mogg	**Where's the bog?**
Brown Windsor Soup	**Worsthorne's got a scoop**
Extra strong mint	**Dirty Don's bint**
Oscar Beusalink	**Have another drink**
Trelford on Snooker	**Hooker**
Insulated loft	**Geoffrey Wheatcroft**
Sir Robin Day	**Gay**
Choice of gravies	**Justice Michael Davies**

(That's enough slang — Ed)

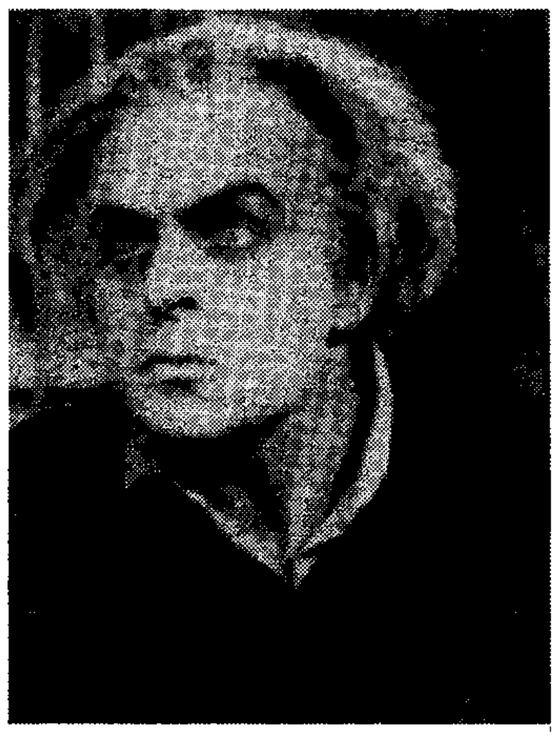


"I think I'll go mad and have the beef!"

When democracy spells dictatorship

by Professor Norman Brainstone

Professor Brainstone, Cobb Professor of Emotional Studies at Tired College, Oxford, has recently returned from a two day visit to Russia. His recent publications include 17 "Why Oh Why?" pieces in the *Daily Mail*.



MAKE no mistake, Gorbachev may look like a reformer but beneath his reasonable exterior he is a hardline Marxist-Leninist through and through.

All of his so-called "liberalisations" have merely been part of a sinister masterplan as fiendishly cunning as anything that Lenin himself might have devised.

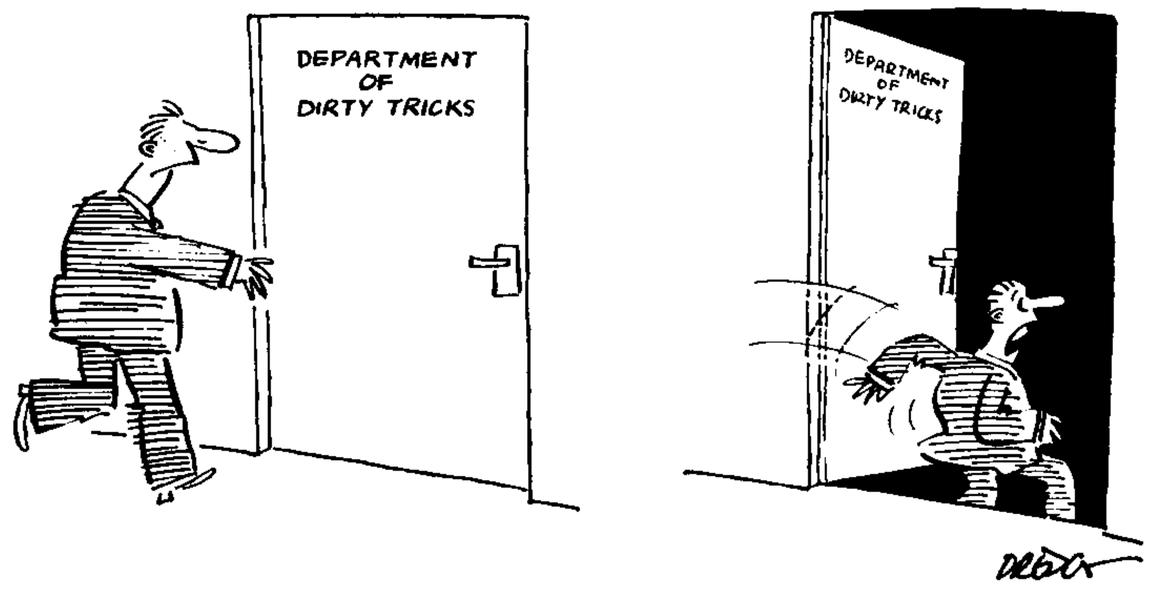
The break up of the Warsaw Pact may seem like the end of an era but, studied more closely (through this battle of Glasnost Vodka which I obtained at the Leningrad Duty Free), it is simply Gorbachev's method of imposing supreme communist power over countries like Hungary, Poland and East Germany.

And take the internal developments being so widely hailed as a breakthrough. What else can multi-party parliamentary democracy mean except a return to stalinist terror on a huge scale?

Karl Marx foresaw how it would be. A bourgeois parliament will inevitably fragment into bickering cliques (as in Dusseldorf in 1926) leaving the way clear for the strong man to emerge — in this case Generalissimo Gorbachev.

As a historian, I can see it all. And, I tell you, don't trust the Reds. Vote Conservative.

TOMORROW: Professor Brainstone visits Rumania and predicts the rise of a new Tito to restore order.



Theatre

Clockwork Orange

by Guy Burgess

GUY Burgess's now familiar story of gang violence in the Britain of the seventies is a minor classic.

As the play opens, a group of psychopathic madmen roam the streets speaking a language that only they understand — "Let's get Wilson." "Heath's a Poof." "Got any filth on Owen?"

We soon learn how to decipher this language, the so-called "Clockworkorange-speak", and realise that the gang are in fact known as MI5.

One of them, Wallace, having joined enthusiastically in the "Disinformation", decides to opt out, to make a choice between good and evil.

He is immediately sacked, hounded and then framed by his former colleagues. The choice is made for him.

He is subjected to incarceration, ridicule and a piece in the *Sunday Telegraph*.

At the end he is a broken man, he cannot tell right from wrong and joins the cabinet. *(Shurely shome mishtake? Ed.)*

Eye Rating ★★★★

■ ***Clockwork Orange*** *is at the Westminster Theatre.*

Windy spreads havoc across southern England

A huge Windy, described by weathermen as "the most deadly new Sunday newspaper to hit Britain since the *Correspondent* disaster of 1989", yesterday blew into hundreds of homes, knocking people to the ground with its massive articles by Salman Rushdie, Anita Brookner and Martin Amis, and causing widespread damage to the *Sunday Telegraph* and the *Observer*.

TV weatherman Ian McCaskill comments: "Hullo. As you can see from the satellite picture, there';s nothing any good on Sky-TV. But seriously, this low circulation here, caused by vast amounts of hot air building up in the City Road area, is producing a huge depression all over Britain at the thought of another blizzard of grey prose pouring through our letterboxes. So, if I were you, I'd cancel all Sunday paper orders and tune in to BBC-2, where I see they're showing that wonderful old black and white classic *They Flew To Bruges*. Great stuff. Bye-bye."

COURT AND SOCIAL

The visit of Her Majesty the Queen to the island of Waki-Waki, North Auckland.

First Canoe

Her Majesty the Queen. Big Chief Dalrymple-Hay. Mrs Kookaburra Halloran (Keeper of the Chief's Firewater and Grass Socks).

Second Canoe

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh; Queen Tum Tum Dalrymple-Hay III; Sir Crispin Tikanawa (Attaché-in-Chief to HRH).

Third Canoe

Sir Eugene Duff-Post KCME (Ambassador to the Court of Chief Dalrymple-Hay); Lady Hysteria van der Moewe (South African Military Attaché invited by mistake); Prince Adrian Beri-Beri (representing the *Daily Telegraph* of New Zealand); Mrs C.P.J. BookaBugga. *(Too many people in the boat. Boat sinks.)*

1st Demonstrator

Kiri Tiri Ossenpepper Katzanella Bogan-by-the-Sea Bum-Waver.

2nd Demonstrator

Sharon Wetshirt (representing the Maori Action Front For Getting On News At Ten).

1st Police Canoe

Inspector Knackerburra (representing the Dunedin Special Branch): Maori Sayle (representing the *Auckland Spectator* — "Appallingly badly written," Graham Greene).

Man on Log

David Frost.

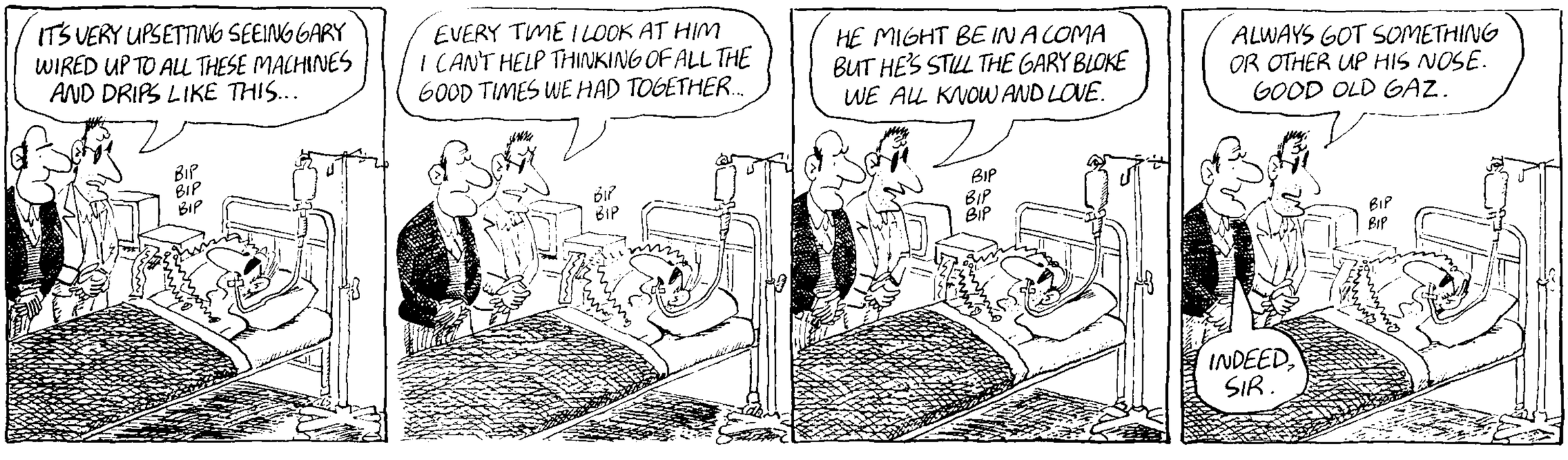
A Valentine's Night Concert
and your chance to view hearts, flowers and genital jewellery
at
Royal Festival Hall
Wednesday 14 February 7.30 pm
ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
Daily Telegraph/Times/Indy

Great Bores Of Today.

"... I can't see the end to it the fence is still down from last time there's roof tiles all over the garden and when you ring up there's no one there my sister-in-law's flooded it's right up to the bedroom and the power's been off for four days and the irony is that they are in a drought area there's trees all the way down our lane I tried to get to the station it normally takes three minutes do you know how long it took me? three hours and I only got to the bridge and I saw the AA men and turned back ludicrous there's no end to it we haven't slept for a fortnight well not since it started really the weathermen don't know what's going on it's got to be something to do with the rainforest effect are you interested in buying a generator? they're going to be essential to survival I've got this friend who can get you one they're like gold dust..."

Celeb

LIGGER


IT'S VERY UPSETTING SEEING GARY WIRED UP TO ALL THESE MACHINES AND DRIPS LIKE THIS...
BIP BIP BIP
EVERY TIME I LOOK AT HIM I CAN'T HELP THINKING OF ALL THE GOOD TIMES WE HAD TOGETHER...
BIP BIP
HE MIGHT BE IN A COMA BUT HE'S STILL THE GARY BLOKE WE ALL KNOW AND LOVE.
BIP BIP BIP
ALWAYS GOT SOMETHING OR OTHER UP HIS NOSE. GOOD OLD GAZ.
BIP BIP
INDEED, SIR.

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles has been subjected to a savage attack in the Guardian by Waldemur Januszczak.

Now read on...

CHARLES was both puzzled and annoyed by the long article in the *Guardian*'s weekend section, a newspaper he had always regarded as favourable to his views.

It really was appalling, he muttered to himself, as Diana prepared to go out and open a celebrity auction at De Savary's in aid of The Parents Against Televisual Representation of Alcohol Abuse or I'M FOR PATRAA as the slogan read on her cerise tee-shirt designed by Tanita Tikaram.

"Who is this Darth Vader?" he asked his wife as he again read the stinging phrases of Mr Jacuzzi.

"And Luke Skywalker? Is he a member of this Bros group you're so fond of? What has he got to do with my vision of Britain?"

Diana dabbed some lipstick on her perfectly formed mouth and turned up the volume on her Walkman.

"I'm really looking forward to today," she said popping into her handbag the solid gold roll-on roll-off lipstick holder (a present from Mr Mohammed Fayed, the Sultan of Harrods, which bore the inscription THERE IS ONLY ONE SALE). "They've got some fabulous stuff there, Chazzo, native art, peasant stuff, right up your street."

Charles nodded.

"I'd love to have come, but I've got to write this speech thingy on the rain forests."

As Diana closed the door behind her, Charles disconsolately looked out at his arboretum. It was a scene of total devastation, like something from one of those Star Wars videos that Diana was always watching.

The huge Anderson Spruce, the rare Ken Pyne from Blackadder, Ontario, the Giant Redhead, the delicate Pamella Legovia that he had nursed from a sapling — all were flattened by the great storm that had lashed the country in recent days.

As Charles wandered to his desk, his thoughts filled with the idea of nature and the great forces beyond one's thingie... Forces that were unleashed so violently. It was just as his friend and mentor, Sir Laurens van der Post had written in his seminal work *Great Boreas of Today*: "When the winds blow, the trees fall down."

How true that was, how very true if the evidence of his own garden was anything to go by. But even such devastation was nothing compared to the man-made disaster that was taking place in the remote Amazon.

As his thoughts developed, Charles's platinum-nibbed Peter Parker pen raced across the page, the phrases seeming to come unbidden into his mind.

"Good evening... It really is appalling... something must be done..."

But what could one do? It was not enough to talk, it was time for action and it should begin in one's own home. These precious trees that were slaughtered for man's gain, ebony and ivory, well, er... that sort of thing and huge tracts laid waste the size of Wales...

As the ideas jostled for position in his mind, Charles thought to himself.

This Waldemar Jacuzzi chap would have to sit up this time. Charles may have had his critics in the past, but who would damn him for demanding a total ban on mahogany and teak, the mighty hardwoods so that the great trees of the forest could spread their blessing on the planet free from the rapacity and greed of mankind...

THE SPEECH had gone well, as ever, and Charles had returned home before Diana. While he awaited her return, Mrs Waldegrave had given him a delicious supper of poached yoghurt, lightly-grilled lettuce and a steaming mug of Old Man's Beard Herbal Tea. He had just finished when he heard the door slam.

"We're back, Chazzo," Diana cried from the hall, "and we've got you a prezzy!"

Into the room trooped his wife followed by the familiar figures of Bunty Coker, Rupert Ricketson-Smythe and Georgie Cavendish, still flushed from drinking her PATRAA raffle prize of a bottle of Old Jameson's Yobbo Whisky. Between them they were carrying a vast pole clumsily wrapped in old copies of the weekend *Guardian*.

"Go on, Chazzerooni, open it. We got it specially for you," encouraged Diana.

"It's ethnic," added Bunty. "Rupert's bounced a cheque to pay for it. Ha ha ha."

They all laughed as Charles pulled off the wrapping to reveal a huge totem pole crowned with the lifelike head of the Giant Amazonian Gerbil.

Charles was lost for words. "It's... It's... er"

"Apparently it takes them years to make one of these and they chop down 500 trees before they get the one they want. This one's a mixture of teak, mahogany, the lot. It's all printed on the bottom."

Charles stood staring at it. "That's very kind."

The Gerbil seemed to mock him with its hideous grin.

(To be continued)

HOW I FREED MANDELA — Maggie's shock claim

A JUBILANT Mrs Thatcher today stepped out into Downing Street to tell the world's waiting newsmen that she had been personally responsible for the release of a press release claiming that she had freed Nelson Mandela.

"It is a wonderful vindication of what they call the Thatcher revolution," she said. "For ten years, what one has tried to do here in Britain has become an inspiration to the whole of mankind, a beacon of liberation, a shining torch in the dark night of tyranny — not, of course, that my good friends in South Africa were ever, in any sense, tyrants."

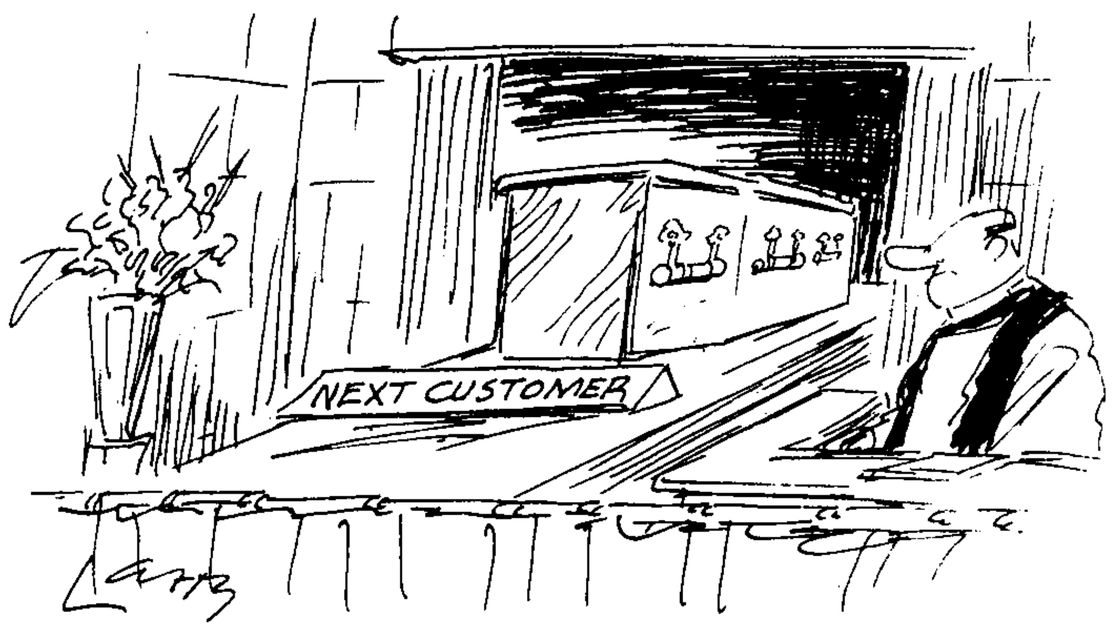
Mandel-ors

"We must remember," she continued, "that Mr Mandela has never renounced terrorism. We will not give in to the men of violence. That is why Mr Mandela should be kept locked up for the rest of his life.

"Everywhere," Mrs Thatcher went on, "it is the same story. Tyrannies toppling, people crying out for freedom, democracy, enterprise culture and Mr Murdoch's excellent *Sun* newspaper."

At this point Mrs Thatcher cried "Rejoice! Rejoice!", gave a clenched-fist salute, and danced a traditional Soweto "victory shuffle" with Archbishop Desmond Runcie.

by Our South Africa Staff,
Lord De Klerk of Civilisation



I know nothing about cricket –

Gatting's shock claim

by Our Cricket Correspondent
P.W. Botham

Anti-cricket protestors were last night reported to be "singing and dancing with fury" after the claim by leading apartheid expert Mr Michael Gatting that he "knew nothing at all about cricket". He was "just here in South Africa to make a lot of money".

Said one protestor, Mr Mbutu Hain, 23: "All the world knows about the scandal of English cricket. It is a totally abhorrent blot on the conscience of humanity."

Twelfth Mandela

"It is no good pointing the finger at token Uncle Toms, such as Allan Lamb and Robin Smith, sayin' that they prove that English cricket is OK.

"Until the MCC is made fully legal, there is no hope for the future of the men in white."

Mr Nelson Mandela is 70 not out.

Is this the end for Correstroika?

by Our Grey Man in Gray's Inn Road,
Simon Gray

London, Sunday

Today I watched with my own eyes as an endless procession of people poured through the streets of London, visibly failing to buy a single copy of the *Sunday Correspondent.*

There seemed little doubt that here was the end of an era, which had lasted for over seven weeks.

Looking back on it now, it seems inevitable that the daring experiment of Correspondentism was always doomed to fail.

A huge inert bureaucracy, run by thousands of grey-faced men with briefcases, could never have been the recipe for a truly vibrant Sunday morning.

And once, in the early days of what was called "the revolution on Sunday", it had seemed so different — a new dawn, a new era in quality journalism.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive," wrote the youthful poet Henry Pooter, as he cobbled together a few pieces of tired old rubbish about holidays in the Algarve to fill up his colour supplement.

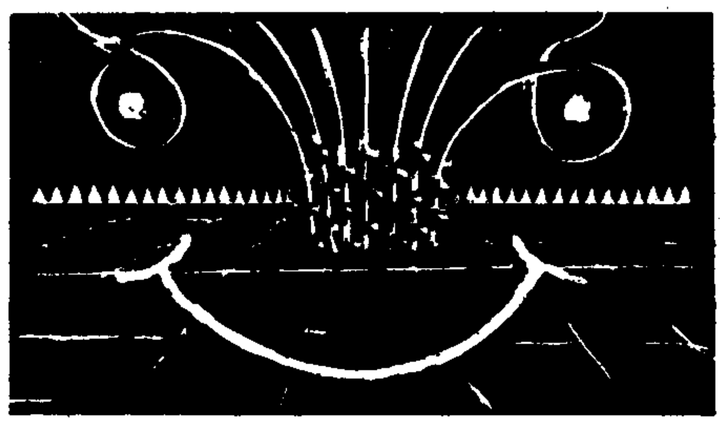
But today all that remains of the grandiose dream are scenes of desolation, a wasteland of empty offices, half-open filing cabinets, and smashed photographs of the fallen leader Peter Cole and his hated wife, Jane Ellescu, the so-called "red-haired harpy".

Where Are They Now?

No.94: The ambulance dispute

In the autumn of 1989 the nation held its breath as millions of Britain's ambulance men became locked in a titanic struggle with the Government, in what was described as "Britain's worst industrial dispute since records were kept". Every day for months the two protagonists in the struggle, Mr Roger Poole and Health Minister Kenneth Clarke, engaged in a ceaseless, round-the-clock battle not to talk to each other. Meanwhile, the collecting tins rattled at a hundred railway stations, and motorists tooted their horns as the entire nation became drawn into the struggle. But gradually the ambulance dispute disappeared from the headlines, and little by little the nation turned its attention to more important matters such as the Commonwealth Games and Mr Lawson's various new jobs.

DIARY



ANDREW NEIL

"Hello there. My name's Andrew Neil and I edit the *Sunday Times*." Yes, the words have a nice ring to them, and I find that the ladies love it when I whisper them in their pretty little earies. Of course, I would never approach a young lady in this manner who, in my judgement, could not be trusted to disport herself in a well-groomed manner before my acquaintances and contacts in the worlds of high finance and international politics. Far from it. Since my recent victory in the courts — and, incidentally, three cheers for British justice — I have taken care not to "chat up" scantily clad young maidens. Instead I have turned my attention to the more mature female, of an age and type to comport herself with due dignity in my company. "Hello there. My name's Andrew Neil and I edit the *Sunday Times*," I whispered in the left ear of a well-rounded lady at a very poorly lit VIP reception at a 5-star hotel last week, my tongue sashaying gently around her lobes. I then handed her my card and suggested she call me some time for a slap-up dinner and a bit of fun.

It obviously did the trick. She called me the very next day and we agreed to meet for a candlelit dinner at a little Italian place I know, very plush, very discreet. Of course, I was surprised when it was Her Royal Highness The Queen Mother who turned up at my table, her left ear still in bandages. Alfonso said we made a lovely couple, and that eventually a man should settle down with someone his own age.

You know, people often ask me how I keep in trim. Well, I'll tell you. I go workout. This means rising with the birds — and I'm talking now of the feathered variety! — removing Rolex and medallions, including a personalised bracelet with a saucy message which I do not, repeat NOT, intend to divulge here, given to me by a very lovely lady, and emptying my trouser pockets of the bits and pieces which have accumulated there over the course of a busy day. These might include the names and addresses of some Likely Lassies, Membership Cards to various Exclusive Clubs, a packet of Executive Condoms, car keys, a useful little handbook called *The World's Greatest Chat-Up Lines*, one or two handy kitchen utensils to distribute among the womenfolk of the metropolis, and maybe another packet or two of Executive Condoms. With sweatband in position, I push in a favourite CD — probably something uptempo by Demis Roussos, a personal favourite — and I then wiggle, wiggle, wiggle those hips. So when you next see me disporting myself on a programme like *Question Time*, you'll know that it'll take a fair deal of personal effort before you too can have a body like that.

Since I took up this job, I have been subjected to a systematic whispering campaign of slander and vilification from the snobs in the Garrick Club mafia and beyond. It's jealousy, of course. They hate the fact that the *Sunday Times* is the biggest-selling quality Sunday newspaper in Britain, and that our six sections are soon to have another three sections — Style and Mass Starvation; Medicine Now and Disco Fever; and Celebrity Lifestyle plus New Diseases — but, more than anything, they hate the way I can "boogie" on the dance floor.

I learnt to "boogie" as a 19-year-old at the great Isle of Wight Festival in 1969. This was, of, course, the 2nd Isle of Wight Festival of Management Trainees and Computer Operatives, and I had gained my valuable place by coming first in the Diligence and Word Power section of the Paisley and District Youth Programme. After a hard day's slog, we would enjoy "boogie" dance classes to high-spirited rock music by artistes such as Ronnie Hilton, Frank Ifield, and The Seekers. We would each take it in turns to be the girls, but mainly we would learn to play solo "dummy guitar". Now, when a "riff" on the latest single by Buck's Fizz comes on to the turntable in Tramp, I stick my tongue between my teeth and perform cartwheels with my arms. The floor invariably clears so that everyone can watch my famed mastery of the dummy guitar. I find that it helps build up a good sweat, so that, when I then take off my shirt and swing it around my head, everyone gets a cooling shower. This is the kind of fun the toffee-nosed Garrick lobby of the Old Britain couldn't even begin to understand.

I'm happy to report that Sky Television goes from strength to strength, despite the massive whispering campaign of half-truths and plain lies that has been mounted against it. We now have at least one Sky television subscriber in every single major city in the entire British Isles, from as far north as Peterborough to as far south as Salisbury. On a typical night they can now enjoy a choice of the very latest Hollywood Blockbuster (*Jaws 2, The Love Bug, Jaws 2*), Highlights of the 1978 All-In Wrestling Quarter-Finals from Scarborough (repeated on the hour), or an exciting new teach-yourself-to-ski program hosted by my own good self, *Fast Downhill with Andy Neil*. So let's hear no more from the malicious anti-democratic snob-faces about low standards, eh? With three subscribers in Swindon, an impressive four in Central London, and two as far west as Bristol, Sky-TV is really going places.

Those of you who are familiar with my entry in *Who's Who* will need no telling that, as well as editing the *Sunday Times* (by the way, watch out for our new section, Dieting & Foreign News, coming shortly), I like to relax on the world's most glamorous ski slopes in the company of fellow top-ranking News International Executives. Inevitably, talk turns to Mr Rupert Murdoch, and we swap anecdotes into the early hours. "I like the guy," said an outspoken Editor from Denver, Colorado when a group of us were talking a week or two ago. "Yeah," replied a tough-talking Station Manager from Melbourne, "I like the guy." The time had come for me to chip in. "I like the guy, too," I said. Soon, all the others were swapping similarly candid opinions over a mineral water or two, and it made for a great evening. Let it never again be said that Mr Murdoch chooses colourless yes-men to edit his papers: one thing's for sure — we all know our own minds, and who owns them!

"I suppose we should be thankful – if this was Russia this would be for McDonalds"

Literary Review

Bear essentials

Triangles
Andrea Newman
Michael Joseph, £12.99

"A CHICKEN", say the Russians, "is not a bird and a woman is not a human being." It seems rather a strong line to take. But perhaps they've been reading Andrea Newman.

Triangles is a collection of short stories published to capitalise on the success of *A Sense of Guilt* on television. These stories were first published in such magazines as *Cosmopolitan, Woman's Own, Woman* and *Woman's Realm*. You guessed it, they are aimed at women, and they are about women and men.

To be more accurate, they are about women and men and a third party to make up the triangle. Normally this third party is another woman or man, though once it is a city and once a child. They are stories of jealousy and infidelity, Newman's stock in trade.

The view they offer of the relation between the sexes is strikingly repulsive. Marriage is death; deceit is life. The men women want belong to other women, the women men want belong to other women. (One cheery twist on this theme; in the final story a woman is picked up by a strange man in a supermarket and they instantly cavort in a caravan in the car park. Then you're told it's husband and wife playing at being strangers. Laugh!)

It's a reductive outlook reduced further by the fact that these stories are short and there are 15 of them. Seductions, betrayals, writhings and bereavements -- all happen one after the other in grotesque double-quick time, like the Keystone Cops on a chase.

Andrea Newman is able to inject just enough nasty little observations into her calumnies to make them stick like tar and make you feel mucky. Men don't do well in this world, the creeps, but women, creepers to the creeps, do worse.

What these women want in men! Hair, for example, sprouting like cress. "A few dark hairs curling out of a leather jacket" lead on over the page to a superb crop. Promise fulfilled: "His whole body was covered with black fur and his cock was the right length for her and wonderfully thic..." Whoops! Family newspaper.

This deep pile, it's about all a man needs. Another plush one walks into a room: "He had... dark hair escaping from his collar and cuffs, suggesting it must be all over his body. She fell instantly in love, or was it lust? She didn't care" (about all the discrimination Andrea Newman is ever able to bring to bear on that distinction). Over the page: "She was in bed with a large furry animal and they were giving each other every sort of pleasure."

Such "comforting warm fur" is also to be found on a cat, the reader shudders to learn. Rightly shudders. Over the page: "Afterwards the cat came to join them, purring and sniffing the sheets..."

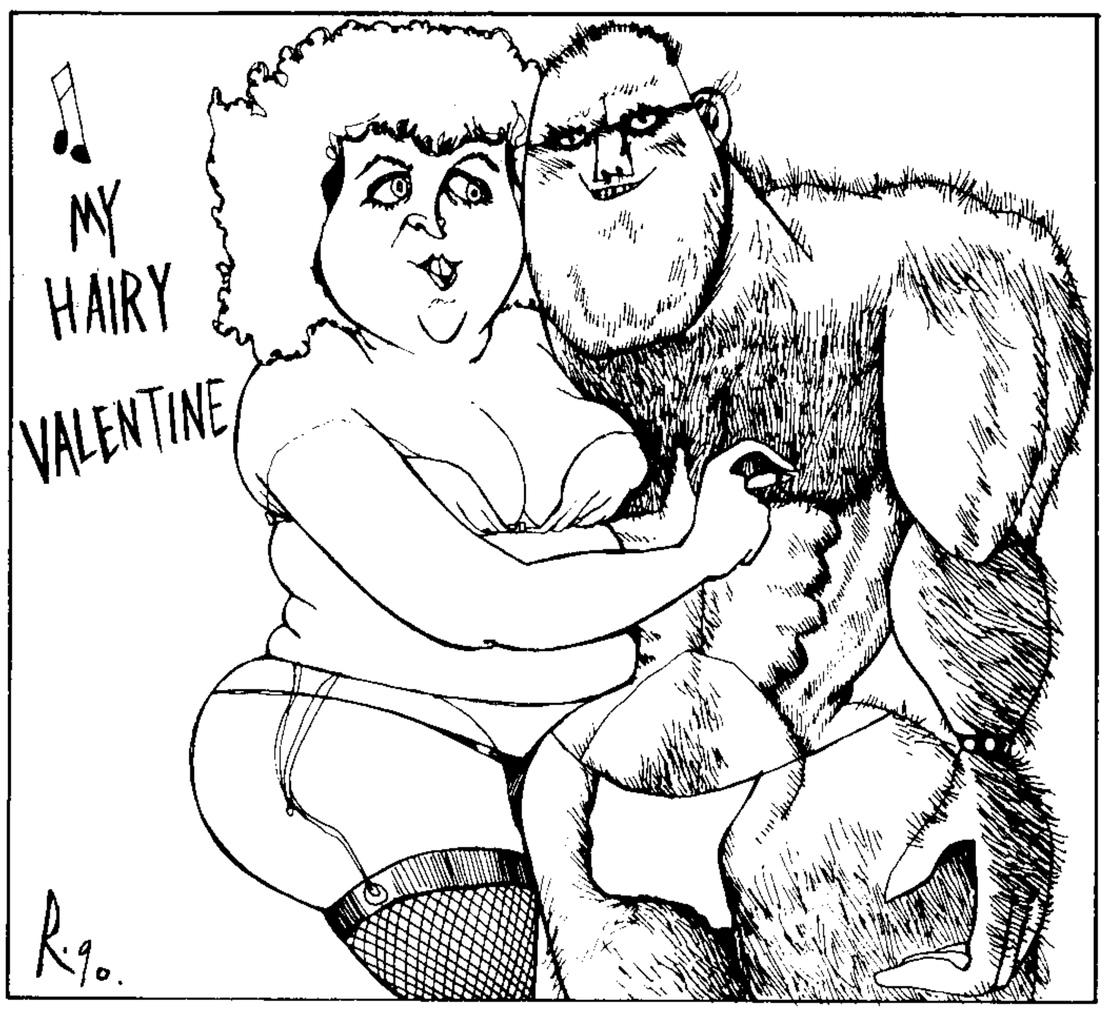
Not that it's cats that men should most strive to imitate to please Andrea and her readers. They should rather practise being trees, and bears. "He was a great bear of a man..." rhapsodises one ursomaniac.

"She longed to have him fill her up, to feel him on top of her, heavy like a fallen tree," thinks a dendrophile, daintily. Sure enough, Andrea not being in the business of disappointing the readers, she does. "She was crushed by his weight, under her fallen tree at long last."

Or they could aspire to be tree and bear simultaneously. ("It was like hugging a tree or a bear," gasps an enthusiast, a little confusedly.)

What they should not do is fall asleep, congress achieved. Many sore complaints are entered about this. But sympathy can be felt for these men, worn out as they are, aiming to please: hairy, beary, confused trees. Not much can be felt for the chickens. Never so many, never so headless.

Suddenly it all comes clear. Andrea Newman must be Kingsley Amis in disguise. And look at the book jacket. It wasn't a very *expensive* disguise.



Books & Bookmen

■ THE *Sunday Correspondent* reveals that *Mail on Sunday* reporter Barbara Jones is to write the definitive book on mass murderer Peter Sutcliffe.

Apparently, every Friday Ms Jones disguised herself in wig and beard and made her way to Broadmoor where she conducted the most amazing and intimate taped interviews with the Bradford killer. She then secreted them on her person when she left the prison.

One slight worry is the claim in the *Sunday Corpse* that she may be going to sell serialisation rights to her book to the *News of the Screws*. How can this be, when she has already pledged them to the saintly Stewart Steven, her editor of the *Fail on Sunday*?

It was the ever generous Steven who gave Barbara some £25,000 to secure these rights last year. This payment was wickedly misinterpreted and erroneously reported in the gutter press as a payment to Sonia Sutcliffe for a published story written by her former good friend Barbara Jones (see *Eyes passim*). Clearly what Ms Jones wants to do with her £25,000 is entirely her affair.

The truth about Barbara's book, however, is that Weidenfeld backed out of publishing it and it is being considered by Century. As to the serialisation, if Barbara Jones does sell the rights to the *Screws*, Steven has every right to be miffed: he lined up both publishers for her.

☐ *LAST year Sarah Maitland and Lisa Appiganesi, co-authors of The Rushdie File, were understandably indignant when their original publishers, Collins, decided not to publish the book for fear of Muslim reprisals. This decision, according to Maitland and Appiganesi, "throws some, albeit murky, light on the climate of Britain in mid-1989".*

Appiganesi, a former deputy director of the ICA, has now managed to overcome her sense of indignation and has accepted a five-figure advance from Collins to write a blockbuster called Memory and Desire.

■ THE children's book department at Collins has been given a sharp lecture on the realities of commercial publishing by fearsome oriental chief executive, Sonia Land.

The subject was Paddington Bear. "Paddington not cuddly enough," she barked. The minions attempted to reply that Paddington had always been considered quite cuddly enough in the past. This argument was dismissed out of hand as Sonia came up with her plan.

"Paddington have children."

The shocked assembly stammered that this was not possible as Paddington was in fact celibate.

"No!" steamrolled Sonia. "Not celibate. Sell a lot."

'Bookworm'

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
...AND NOW IT'S THE NEXT ROUND:— MR SNIPCOCK?
SLIGHTLY FOXED (!)
OH I HATE THIS PART!
...ALL RIGHT — WHAT'S EVERYONE HAVING?
OH DEAR - I SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN MY WALLET....

campain

PERFECTION...

WHO HAS IT?

- mother teresa
- bo derek (in the grand finale of "bolero")
- winston churchill (the war years)
- jacqueline kennedy (1960-63)
- the rolling stones (now, not then!)
- marlon brando (in "a streetcar named desire")
- margaret thatcher (debating in parliament)
- batman
- anybody in love...
- the select few, who wear bijan cologne for men.

Bijan Cologne ad

Contributor: Colleen O'Sullivan
All dismal advertising gratefully received.

Noriega on trial

A fair cop-out?

THE US defence department's admission that the 50-kilo haul of "cocaine" found under Noriega's kitchen sink was in fact maize wrapped in banana leaves for baking rather than smuggling has raised still more questions about the great all-American "victory" being celebrated in Washington.

According to "Mad Max" Thurman — the US general with a free hand to recreate post-Noriega Panama in his own image — his blue-eyed boys had never seen cocaine back home and so jumped to conclusions.

The real question, of course, is if the coke wasn't the real thing, what else on the ill-fated Panamanian sortie was a figment of the US military's imagination? The endless pap about Pineapple Face's love of voodoo, witchcraft, exotic weaponry and red underwear is all largely ignored; but more important issues like the defence department's refusal to admit to more than a fraction of the fatalities caused by US forces are fast becoming political liabilities for the gringo liberators.

Court proceedings due to get underway next month could turn into a major embarrassment for the US for two reasons: Noriega's defence strategy and the sloppy way the case against him has been prepared.

Noriega's lawyers are likely to play the "national security" card to expose CIA operations in the Panamanian theatre as cynically as the Bush administration is likely to invoke the same excuse for refusing information and documents. "Noriega will claim that just about everything he's accused of from drug smuggling to gun-running was part of one CIA covert operation or another," notes one legal expert. "He'll either have the documents to prove it or he'll try and force Washington to produce some that do."

Certainly the general's legal man Frank Rubino — a leading "white powder" lawyer as coke attorneys are known in Miami — is full of confidence. When he was indicted two years ago, the general deposited a file of documents which the flamboyant Rubino has often described as "political dynamite". The dossier almost certainly contains documents that prove that Bush was fully aware Noriega was rapidly expanding his drug smuggling activities when, as director-general of the CIA, he met one of his major intelligence assets for lunch in 1976.

The file may also contain evidence of the CIA's involvement in the plane crash that killed Noriega's predecessor, Omar Torrijos. Most crucially of all, however, Rubino may be able to play with evidence that, as vice-president, Bush knew all about Ollie North's drug-smuggling joint-venture with the Panamanian despot. The scheme, which worked brilliantly until the Contragate revelations disrupted everything, was to earn the bankrupt Contras a bob or two by shipping cocaine into the US aboard aircraft returning from arms deliveries to the "freedom fighters" camps in Honduras.

The prosecution's case, meanwhile, is in complete disarray as even some of those working on it admit. Richard Gregorie, the original architect of the case against Noriega and the only man capable of making the charges stick, according to many lawyers, left the government prosecution service last year when he was passed over for the job of US attorney-general. The man who got the job, Dexter Lehtinen, has never been formally confirmed in the post by Bush — an ambiguous position that does not give him the legal authority to prosecute the case, some lawyers say.

Lehtinen was appointed in June 1988 by that well-known paragon of legal integrity, Reagan's attorney-general, Edwin Meese 3rd. True to form, an FBI background check on Lehtinen concluded that neither his business or private life would warrant any scrutiny — just one reason the Bush administration has avoided a potentially embarrassing confirmatory hearing.

But a much more immediate concern for the prosecution is the dearth of witnesses and documents to incriminate Noriega. "Nobody ever expected him to be brought back here for trial so the charges were a hypothetical exercise — just part of the propaganda war," admitted one prominent Miami defence lawyer last week. At the very least, the Bush administration seems to have been caught with its legal briefs down — no doubt wearing red underpants.

Cable television

The (lots and lots) of Money Programme

WHILE THE Broadcasting Bill trundles through its committee stage, remarkably little attention has been paid to the one area of broadcasting where auctioning of franchises is already a reality — cable television. While government ministers and their groupies (such as Paul "Loonybins" Johnson) deny "deregulation" will turn British TV into a squalid adventure playground for American corporations, the experience of cable suggests otherwise.

The 1984 Cable and Broadcasting Act included strict rules to limit foreign ownership and to prevent a cattle market in the buying and selling of franchises. But in its desperation to get the "cable revolution" underway in Britain, the official Cable Authority — whose members include such manic deregulators as the aforementioned Paul Johnson — has consistently turned a blind eye to rule-bending on a grand scale. The upshot is that more than 90 per cent of cable franchises in Britain are now wholly or partly foreign-owned — mostly by American telephone companies. The system of awarding franchises after a thorough inquiry into the applicants' merits has become a farce, since once the franchise is awarded the lucky winner can flog it at a large profit to any old tycoon they choose.

Take the case of Merseyside, one of the early "pilot areas" licensed by the Cable Authority in November 1983. The franchise was won by Merseyside Cable, a consortium including celebrities like Ringo Starr as well as local businessmen. Two years later, without having laid an inch of cable or connected up a single house, Merseyside cable was suddenly taken over by Owen Oyston, the gruesome "socialist millionaire" whose previous triumphs include the *News on Sunday*.

With one cable franchise under his belt, Oyston then won a bitterly-fought contest for the neighbouring South Lancashire area, against a rival consortium led by Tory MP Sir Peter Blaker. But still no cable was laid in either Merseyside or South Lancashire, and nothing happened until last year when John Davey, the ineffective director-general of the Cable Authority, formally warned Oyston to start work by October or risk losing his franchises.

Oyston reacted by selling shares in both franchises to South-Western Bell, one of the seven US regional Bell telephone companies, in a deal which earned Oyston £800,000 in cash (to cover "expenses" he had incurred). In return for injecting the £25 million needed to build cable systems in the two areas, SW Bell got an 80 per cent share in the business. Oyston has thus achieved a 20 per cent stake in a company worth £25 million at no cost to himself while — six years after the original franchise award — bemused Scousers still await their long-promised cable TV service.

Similar abuses of the Cable and Broadcasting Act have occurred up and down the country.

The reason for the American interest is that cable companies are allowed by law to provide telephone services on their networks. At the moment there is little scope for making a fortune from this since they have to do it as agents for British Telecom and Mercury, which take most of the revenue. But when the official watchdog Oftel reviews the BT/Mercury duopoly later this year, it will hear a submission from the cable companies begging for still more deregulation, which would enable them to run their telephone services independently and keep all the profits. Oftel seems likely to oblige.

Meanwhile the Cable Authority, happily oblivious to what is going on under its nose, will be abolished at the end of the year and replaced by the Independent Television Commission. But by then it will be too late: the authority recently announced that before it expires it will allocate another 29 franchises — covering almost all the urban areas that don't already have one. On past form it's a reasonable bet that any franchises which aren't awarded to huge American corporations will end up being bought by them anyway.

Nuclear power

Cookery books

THE Central Electricity Generating Board played something of a con trick on the nation in its final annual report and accounts when it said it had achieved "the highest ever nuclear output at 18.7 per cent of the Board's total power station output."

This was true — but only up to 31 March last year when the financial year ended. *Analysis of the statistics issued by the energy department reveals that nuclear output nose-dived soon afterwards.*

Publication of the report was mysteriously delayed until the end of December, just as Parliament was rising, with no proper explanation for the hold-up. It now looks as if the CEGB was hoping nuclear output would recover. It did not.

The CEGB knew this when it eventually issued the report, but gave no indication of this. Indeed, Lord Marshall of Goring's report as chairman said: "With the auditors' concurrence, all up-to-date information has been brought to bear." The auditors are the distinguished Peat Marwick McLintock.

The figures in the Department of Energy's official statistical bulletin, *Energy Trends*, now reveal the story — but only for its limited and specialist readership who take the trouble to analyse the pages of figures it contains.

For example, Table 15 gives electricity production. It shows that in the three months up to the end of March 1989, when the CEGB accounts ended, nuclear electricity production, compared with 1988, rose by the huge figure of 34.1 per cent. But then things started to turn nasty.

In the same (three month) period ending in May, the increase was down to 22 per cent. By July it was down to 12 per cent; by August, 1 per cent. By September, output was *down* on the previous year by 2.2 per cent; by October it was minus 5.3 per cent and by November minus 6.1 per cent.

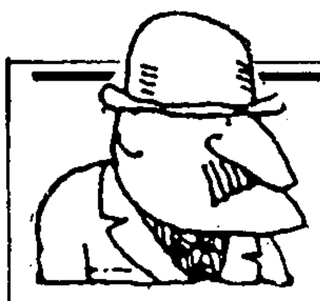
In short it had gone through a 40 per cent reversal of its fortunes. The CEGB must have known this at the end of December when it published its report without giving any hint of the disaster that had befallen nuclear power stations.

Why? The Department of Energy referred enquiries to the CEGB. And the CEGB referred them to Nuclear Electricity. But no official information was offered.

Unofficial sources revealed that serious problems had arisen at three of the advanced gas-cooled reactors (AGRs) — at Hartlepool, Heysham and Dungeness — the very stations the Government and the CEGB had once obstinately insisted were profitable enough to be privatised even after the older Magnox stations had had to be withdrawn.

If a private company had behaved like the CEGB, the consequences would have been serious.

Of course the CEGB expects soon to be privatised if the Government can find a formula which is acceptable to industry and the City. The nuclear power stations have been removed from the package but the organisation which presented this annual report is much the same group that will be running National Power and PowerGen and asking, on the Stock Exchange, for investors to buy its shares.



In the City

AS A Trade Secretary who believes in the free market economy, it is no surprise that Nicholas Ridley favours the same or less rather than more City regulation. As an Environment Secretary who claimed to espouse green policies while being an avid public smoker, it is no shock that he cannot see "any major defects" in the loophole-ridden insider dealing legislation. And as the minister who was prepared to have motorways and housing in everyone else's back-yard but no development in his own, it is far from revelatory that he considers the rubber-toothed watch-dogs of his department have "a fairly good rate of striking" against insider dealers.

Ridley's smug performance in defending the heroic stormtroopers of the Department of Timidity & Inaction before the Commons trade and industry committee bore his typically arrogant hallmark — the minister knows best, critics know nothing.

So let us consider the record of the DTI's intrepid investigators — staffed not only by accountants and solicitors but retired military and colonial policemen, a fact that will no doubt ensure no insider dealer sleeps easy.

Since insider dealing was made a criminal offence in 1980, Ridley proudly pointed to the fact that this had produced no fewer than 10 convictions. What Ridley and his DTI brief omitted to say was that in *no* case where the defendant pleaded not guilty has a conviction been obtained. The only case where the DTI did get a result — former Wordplex managing director John Cross — this was quashed on appeal. In all ten cases there was a guilty plea.

The tone was set in 1981 with the first insider prosecution when investment manager John Bryce was given an absolute discharge after paying £1,400 compensation. In 1982 bank secretary Joyce Titheridge and her husband were fined £4,000 each. In the third prosecution during 1983 the sentence was six months' imprisonment — suspended for two years. But the moment cases were defended it all began to fall apart. Prosecution number four failed at trial in 1984. Then the case against Leyland Vehicles chairman Ron Hancock was dismissed in March 1985 — shape of many cases to come. Another case also collapsed later that year. Thankfully W.H. Smith executive Maurice Naerger was fined a swingeing £800 after pleading guilty in the next case in April 1986.

Perhaps not before time, the DTI was provided with the powers to "get tough" with City spivs, as ministers loved to tell gullible hacks and critical MPs.

The first outcome of this new policy was the celebrated draconian punishment meted out to high profile insider dealer Geoffrey Collier from Morgan Grenfell — 12 months suspended and a £25,000 fine!

Collier of course had pleaded guilty. So too did Ronald Jenkins, Lord Cayzer's private secretary, who was fined £10,000 a few days after Collier in July 1987. But since then it has been all down hill for the fearless investigators under General Ridley's command.

After another guilty plea early in 1988 there was the debacle over former stockbroker Brian Fisher where the judge ordered an acquittal — a decision later termed wrong by the law lords but it still went into the ever growing loss column. That was followed later in the year by the Cross conviction in November — he was fined £7,000 — which lasted only as long as it took to reach the Court of Appeal last month.

But if 1988 was bad for the DTI, 1989 was disastrous. It began with Keith Robinson, brother-in-law of former Mercantile House chairman John Barkshire, pleading guilty and receiving another swingeing fine — £1,000. However, in six subsequent cases that have come to court the DTI has obtained only one conviction, naturally by way of a guilty plea.

In October three accountants from Touche Ross were acquitted at trial. In November company director John Briggs was acquitted when the judge ruled there was no evidence. Later that month the case against former City & Westminster Financial executive Piers Fitzwilliams collapsed for similar reasons. In December, the DTI itself offered no evidence against Sarah Hurley. A day or so later the DTI finally found someone to plead guilty again — management consultant John Hales. He was fined £15,000.

But hardly had the celebrations over that rare outcome died down when the DTI and its army of legal masterminds — 14 barristers, six solicitors, 14 case clerks backed up by 39 retired Inspector Clouseaus plus three ex-colonial and two ex-military Plods — suffered the double humiliation last month of seeing the collapse of the case against former sharedealer Jonathan Greenwood and his sister from the uncooperative Office of Fair Trading (sick) and the Cross appeal knockback.

Only Nicholas Ridley could present this series of fiascos and failures as a "good record".

Ridley also — not surprisingly — did not dwell on two other aspects of this sorry saga when boasting that the DTI and the courts "had acted as a deterrent" to insider dealers and there was no need for change.

The maximum sentence for insider dealing was initially two years and has since been increased to seven. Yet in not one of the 10 cases where convictions were obtained was a jail sentence imposed. Two were given suspended sentences — six and 12 months. All the rest were fines, with Collier at £25,000 the tops. Some deterrent.

Compare that with the situation in the United States where prison sentences are a regular feature. Former deputy Defence Secretary Paul Thayer received four years; law firm office manager Alan Ihne 3½ years; Ivan Boesky and analyst Stephen Wang three years; Dennis Levine and lawyer Israel Grossman two years. Several others have received less than a year.

Ridley and the DTI also like to say that the record here stands good comparison with the US and the Securities & Exchange Commission. Again, let's look at the figures.

In 1985 and 1986 alone the SEC launched some 200 formal investigations. Between 1984 and 1989 it took more than 120 civil actions against suspected insiders. Some of these also resulted in criminal cases — Boesky, Levine, Paul Bilzerian — but more significantly it forced the disgorgement of more than $210 million in illegal profits.

Since 1980 the Stock Exchange has referred more than 180 cases of suspected insider trading to the DTI's eager beavers. The DTI, in turn, investigated about 90 of these cases where there was prima facie evidence. This has so far produced the proud tally of 21 prosecutions, 10 convictions and fines totalling precisely £59,800. Put another way, almost nine out of 10 insiders got away with it.

Mr Ridley, is your journey really necessary?

OBSERVERS of the Guinness saga (now at last under way) might be forgiven for pondering, as they observed pictures of a soulful, eve-of-trial Ernest Saunders in a number of Sunday newspapers, the irony that it was the self-same shy, retiring Saunders — star of book, radio and Wogan — who had applied unsuccessfully to prevent reporting of the first Guinness trial. Not of course that he was not entitled so to do, given his proposed second trial. Equally within their rights were the somewhat less publicity conscious David Mayhew and Roger Seelig who supported Saunders's application, they are due to be tried later this year in Guinness Mark Two.

IT IS good to see that property man Elliott Bernerd has put behind him his tangential involvement with the Guinness affair. So much so that he could launch his joint bid for Laing Properties with Mrs Thatcher favourite, Sir Jeffrey Sterling, just days before the Guinness trial opened.

Bernerd, it will be recalled, advised Violet Seulberger-Simon, Swiss-based sister of Jack Dellal, to buy Guinness shares and so allegedly support a client of Morgan Grenfell where he was a director.

It is to be hoped that Bernerd will not be distracted from his £441 million bid by having to give evidence at the Guinness trial.

'Slicker'

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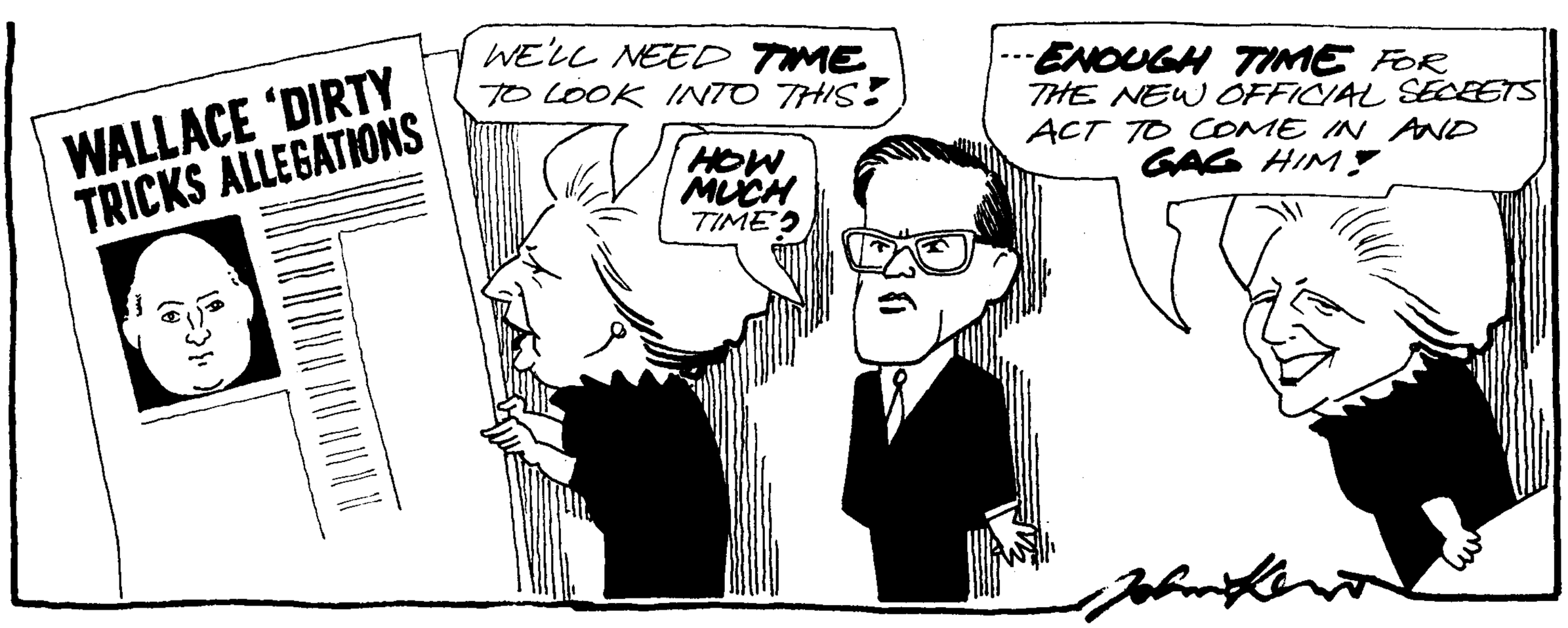
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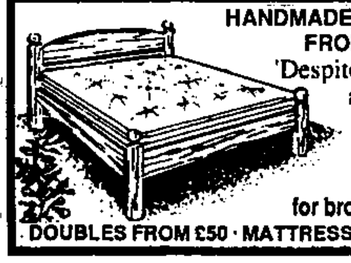

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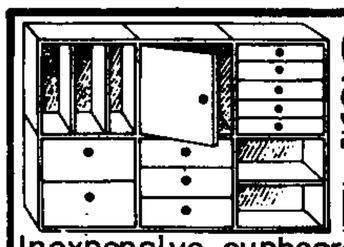

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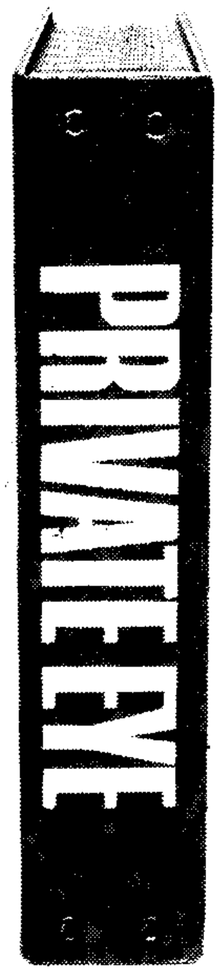

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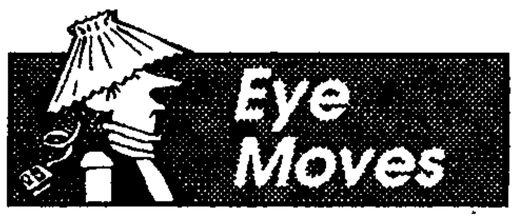

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OLD NEWSPAPERS required. 0727 432 77.

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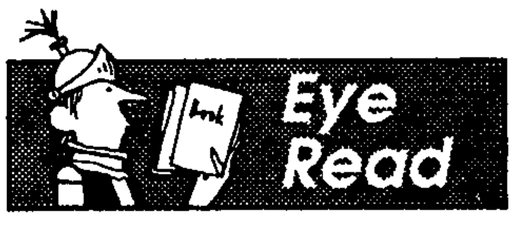

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£1000 will enable impoverished PhD student to represent British science at an international conference otherwise monopolised by Americans. Please help! Box 1235.

PARTNER, donations, suggestions — help purchase narrow boat, fulfil dreams. Box 1335.

I HAVE three cats which must be fed/So please help to get me out the red. Box 1435.

IMPOVERISHED academic needs £2,000 to finance visit of ailing mother. Female donors under 40 may demand use of my body as recompense. Box 1535.

THIRD WORLD! What about this world? Desperate unemployed mother of 2 seeks generous donations. None too small. Box 1635.

FINANCIAL help needed for continuation of my trip around the world. Box 1735.

YOUNG MALE urgently seeks £2,500 to pay major debt. Genuine. Please help. Box 1835.

CARAVAN desperately needed for homeless young man. Can collect. (0773) 718366.

VET STUDENTS need £25,000 for relief project in Sudan. Anything helps. (Royal Vet College.) Box 1935.

BORED young man, 24, intelligent, fit, seeks chance to travel and earn, confidential response to all replies. Box 2035.

YOUNG MAN will consider anything to escape from the constant round of red bills and even redder landlords. Box 2135.

AMBULANCE MAN, disabled wife, no pay for 12 weeks, desperately needs help. Any donations to Box 2235.

£3,000 urgently needed by three medical students to work in a Malawian hospital Box 2335.

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EYE NEED — urgently — £25,000 on a year's loan basis for struggling writer with large settlement due from American courts. Full interest paid. Box 2535.

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STARVING philosophy student — needs 59p for a pot noodle. Box 2935.

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HARD WORKER has £2,000 serious business debts. Your support much appreciated. Box 3135.

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EDINBURGH. attractive, intelligent blonde (32) seeks handsome, professional male 28-40. Photo. Box 15134.

TALL, SLIM London lady dreams of a super bloke — professional, 40+, warm and witty — but will settle for one not especially witty. Box 15234.

TALL, SLIM, professional woman, 37, married, but much time alone, seeks stable man with intelligence and sense of humour for lunches/dinners, outings and friendship. Box 15334.

TYPICAL TAURUS male, (handsome and solvent) 43, seeks attractive, caring female (25-45) particularly of signs Capricorn, Virgo and Cancer. Scotland. Box 15434.

RESPECTABLE, presentable, professional married man, 40 wishes to share excitement of secret affair with lady in North East. Absolute confidentiality assured including all replies. Box 15534.

SIMPLE MALE 35, needs female 20-40. Photo/phone please. Box 15634.

SITUATIONIST, 41, requires nymphomaniac. Box 15734.

LIVELY, attractive, professional lady graduate (26) seeks similar gentleman to share weekends and the good things in life. Manchester area. Box 15834.

TALL, HANDSOME, humorous, normal male, late 30s, seeks attractive, professional girl. London or South East. Box 15934.

MALE, 25, good looking, affectionate lone wolf seeks similar dark lady to share good times, life and exclusive love. Looking for the real thing? Me too. West Midlands/Warks. Box 16034.

PRETTY, intelligent, blonde, 30, wishes to meet a lovely man in London. Box 16134.

DIRECTOR, 45, tall, fit, affluent, yet unspoiled, widowed, seeks beautiful lady temporarily lacking romance or fulfilment. View marriage. Box 16234.

AFFLUENT, generous, good-looking businessman in his thirties, dominant nature but always kind and considerate, seeking a one-to-one relationship with an extremely good-looking, easy-going, feminine lady who perhaps would not normally answer such an advertisement and who wishes to be spoilt and enjoy a luxurious lifestyle. Recent photo and phone number appreciated. Box 2633.

SUCCESSFUL, single high tech entrepreneur considering the enlightenment of exploring his emotions and senses worldwide with a bright young lady with lovely hair of about twenty — almost half his age. Box 12434.

BETTER THAN a Valentine card me — tall good-looking, successful, 29 and wanting to share music, theatre, walks, humour and a sincere relationship with an intelligent, attractive, non-smoking girl west of London. Photo please. Box 4035.

MALE, 48, tall, fit, private life disintegrating, seeks good humoured/natured female companion. Manchester, North West. Box 4135.

TUSCANY? Mellow Henry, 42, seeks female bottle opener. Box 4235.

PYJAMA PYTHON and airline captain owner live in large country house west of London. We are interested in meeting an amusing lady herpetophile. Box 4335.

VERY UP-MARKET, very good-looking, very humorous, attached male, 42, seeks compatible female for term relationship. Central London. Box 4435.

MALE, 37, single, interests include skiing, squash, theatre, cinema, food, wines, seeks sophisticated lady, 30-45, London and home counties. Box 4535.

EDINBURGH, attractive, intelligent, blonde (32), seeks handsome, professional male, 28-40. Photo. Box 4635.

TALL, SLIM, London lady dreams of a super bloke — professional, 40+, warm and witty — but will settle for one not especially witty. Box 4735.

TALL, SLIM, professional woman, 37, married, but much time alone, seeks stable man with intelligence and sense of humour for lunches/dinners, outings and friendship. Box 4835.

TYPICAL TAURUS MALE, (handsome and solvent), 43, seeks attractive, caring female (25-45), particularly of signs Capricorn, Virgo and Cancer. Scotland. Box 4935.

RESPECTABLE, presentable, professional married man who wishes to share excitement of secret affair with lady in north east. Absolute confidentiality assured, including all replies. Box 5035.

SIMPLE MALE, 35, needs female 20-40. Photo/phone please. Box 5135.

MALE, 26, enjoys good lifestyle, seeks female for friendship and fun. S/London - E/Sussex area. Write with photo. Box 5235.

Replying to a PRIVATE EYE Box Number? Address your reply to: Private Eye Smalls 6 Carlisle Street London W1V 5RG with the BOX NUMBER on the top line.

SUCCESSFUL, social administrator, attractive 5'7", 39ish divorced. Interests classical music, walking, talking, seeks similar kind man to help her slow her life down. Photo please. Box 5335.

LOVING, CREATIVE, handsome, humorous, lecturer. Drama background, successful 41, seeks future relationship with female. No tories. Photo please. London/Essex/S. East. Box 5435.

SITUATIONIST, 41, requires nymphomaniac. Box 5535.

LIVELY, attractive, professional lady graduate (26) seeks similar gentleman to share weekends and the good things in life. Manchester area. Box 5635.

TALL, HANDSOME, humorous, normal male, late 30's seeks attractive professional girl, London or South East. Box 5735.

MALE, 25, good looking, affectionate lone wolf seeks similar dark lady to share good times, life and exclusive love. Looking for the real thing? Me too West Midlands/Warks. Box 5835.

PRETTY, INTELLIGENT, blonde, 30, wishes to meet a lovely unattached man in London. Box 5935.

DIRECTOR, 45, tall, fit, affluent yet unspoiled, widowed, seeks beautiful lady temporarily lacking romance or fulfilment. View marriage. Box 6035.

UNCONVENTIONAL, attractive, male designer, young 38, London, seeks similarish female for lifelong devotion. Box 6135.

EMOTIONAL REDHEAD, 22, tired of independence, needs a nice man to bring her breakfast in bed and listen to her crap poetry. Sussex/South East. Box 6235.

LITTLE WOMEN, easy going chap, 31, 5'5" seeks lady for joint adventures Many interests especially world travel. Essex/London. Box 6335.

OXBRIDGE EDUCATED MALE, 38, has an objective to care for an attractive female 25-35 in a lasting relationship. London/Home Counties. Box 6435.

CARING MALE, 25, in search of mature woman. Time for affair? Absolute discretion. County Antrim. Can travel when work permits. Box 6535.

MALE GRADUATE, 21, wants to meet a girl for the odd night, or day, out. Pubs, plays, music, anything really. Nottingham. Box 6635.

SINCERE, SINGLE, serious male, piscean, 24, seeks soulmate. Enjoys driving, good food and evenings out. Photo and phone number appreciated, but not as important as sincere letter. Box 6735.

WANTED, sixtyish man interested in walking, talking, wining, dining, theatre and travel, preferably good-humoured non-smoker. London or near. Box 6835.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 28, intelligent, attractive, seeks beautiful Asian woman for lasting relationship. N.West/W.Yorks. Box 6935.

MALE, 37, seeks intelligent, cuddly, female, thirtyish, non-smoker, non-Tory for lasting relationship. Midlands, North West. Box 7035.

SLIM, PRETTY, FEMALE, 22, and dog (4), heartbroken after several disasters, need convincing that not all men are the same. Hants/wherever. Long letter and photo please. Box 7135.

GOODLOOKING GUY, thirty something. Graduate, fit, with a sense of humour, entering the 90s with enthusiasm. Seeks a warm, intelligent lady for a caring relationship. Sussex/London. Box 7235.

USE ME! Libidinous good guy, tall, slim, 28, handsome professional, desires smart, horny lady for wicked rendezvous. No ties. Notts. Box 7335.

QUASIMODO I'M NOT. But I've a hunch we'd have fun if you're young(ish), female, humorous, attractive, affectionate, adventurous, broad cultural/culinary tastes, can laugh at yourself I'm 33, single, professional engineer, similar credentials. Lake District based. Will travel. Photo/interesting letter appreciated. Box 7435.

ACTIVE, CARING, GENTLEMAN seeks attractive 40's country loving lady for initially periodic evenings/weekends of companionship and physical solace. Interests include music, opera, tennis, horses. Box 7535.

CLAPPED OUT WRECK seeks new owner for renovation job. Box 7635.

RICH, HANDSOME, heroic failure, 29, who drinks, smokes, and is an accountant, in that order. Has had his arm twisted into doing this because he's lonely. London/East. No Tories. Box 7735.

BRISTOL PROFESSIONAL, 41, tall, dark, travelled, gregarious, seeks intelligent, humorous female. Box 7835

SLIM, NOT UNATTRACTIVE, affluent but dominant male, seeks an intelligent, sensual submissive type female for the pursuit of mutual fantasies. Hospitality London and abroad. Mutual caring essential. Box 7935.

E.LONDON MALE, 45, seeks woman companion 25/40 for early spring holiday Devon/Cornwall or Norfolk/Suffolk. Walking, pubs, etc. Rent cottage. Share cooking. Photo appreciated. Box 8035.

More than one Box Number reply? Write the numbers on each envelope and put them all in a larger envelope addressed to us marked "BOX NUMBER REPLIES"

SHY MALE, 27, seeks female who is game for a laugh. Box 8235.

I'M THINKING of going to live on a houseboat. If this daft idea appeals to you, perhaps I will. I'm 30, female, successful/attractive c/w brain/sense of humour and I like stars (W. London). Box 8335.

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Valentine Messages

TO JONF, all my love, POT.

NAN may call you a bitch but your unicycling sidclone loves you dearly.

SNUGGLY SQUIRREL loves his pudding.

I'LL be your slug.

BE my slug — LETTUCE.

ANGEL POOPY-PLOPS, I love you.

PIGLET loves Poo.

G, love ya bunches, CHRIS.

BASTARD BEAR says — thanks for loving me.

PAULINE R. always love you, MARTIN F.

DUMPY RUMPY — Game for a humpy? PEGGUS.

FRANCES, I'm overly fussed by you. Normen O'Paws (AL).

MAGGIESBOYS, waihhh! Love ALICE & SQUIDGEY.

LITTLE WOO. Grumpy bear loves and misses you.

DAI — my only sunshine — love always, MARION.

SHEGLINA CURRYWURST — all my love, BAZ.

WISE OLD Hector. Love you always, BUNNY.

G — love you. WELSH WITCH.

A.M.N. — darling, best of British! All love, RATBAG.

CHIROPODIST needed. TOOTSIE.

SLUG — I love you — HOSE XXX.

BULKHEAD BUMS — unchain your heart and love love darlin'.

SEXY SUE all my love from FARTS and BELLY BUTTON FLUFF.

BLUSHING BRIDE to Grandma, I'll love you always.

RICHARD, d'you shag? Love CHOO CHOOS.

M. Mmm! EM XXX.

ANNE, To share a smile
To wipe away a tear
To hold you — to love you
I'll always be there, I promise.
SAINT ELSEWHERE X.

AJPWA4RS?

COLIFLOWER, love you, GILLYFLOWER.

BELINZINHO. Eu amor voce. BEIJOS.

DARLING CAROLE, je t'aime, SIMON.

HEDGEHOG, I love you, OWL.

PRAXA, always on my mind throughout another wonderful year. Will you lovebond me? Your O.G.E.

LAMBCAKE — little willie is heavy for you.

LIVE in Ilkley? Check your willy!
Birthmark? Then this is for you!
You're the bestest and I love you!

LITTLE WHEEL — your small boy loves you with all the love in the world. And more.

CAPITAINE — Although it's winter, in my heart we dance in the summer sun. Forever yours - SOUS-FIFRE.

CUZAK'S Dad, ILY, STRIPE'S MUM.

GIRLIE, Happy Valentine, Love JOHN WILLIE.

WUG AND BASIL, NIM from New Zealand.

JUDDA, MONSTA luvya!

LITTLE WHITE BUM. I will love you always. Happy Anniversary!

SWEET THING — hugs, etc, etc, from WHALE, BILBO, SCHOST and SEEL-CREATURE.

MARGARET not too late — marry me instead.

PARIS, the most gorgeous lover in the world. Love you lots. Yours for ever, HELEN.

POLASKI loves his macaroni.

ROLY-POLY lover, I love you. R.

SALLY, my Wiltshire baby, o'l be a missing you this day.
From out of Africa or over the Brandenburg I'd come to you.
With apologies and love from "YES DEAR"!

ARLEE, Arlee, Arlee, Arlee, Arlee, Arlee.

EYE, dove, sheep.

BOTTY-BITER, be my darling, BALD EAGLE.

PEBS loves her rock.

ANDWEW: 6'2; and all heart — no wonder I'll love you forever, MOOSEL.

V.J. I love you lots and lots. S.

STUART, be mine in June.

MINCER loves Modo.

WINKO, pobbles of love, buzz buzz BINKIE CO-PILOT.

BRISTOLS and a Gentle Giant — what more could a girl want?

TONY, prisoner cell block H, loves PAULA.

TO THE CLANGER, we'll always have ardsley, all my love, KOLB.

AMBER love as always, JONATHAN.

TO JIMMY HILL and the squashed hedgehog. All my loving. JOY ORDER.

ALICE — How about tea for two? Love and hugs from DOUGLAS.

SIMPKIN — Can you read me true stories? Love you lots — WILLIWONKA'S MUM.

KEITH, this cost a fiver!

STELLA AND DOROTHY, my two most favourite girls — love ANDREW.

MICHAEL darling, yet another year gone. When will you quote French proverbs and again make oxydols SPARKLY?

SELENA — 143 — MARK.

YOU'VE tumbled me. Fifteen? Sure. J.

STEVE — tomorrow afternoon? Oh yes. SARAH.

WABBIT wubs Wiglit. (Squeak-squeak!)

LIZ, remember the cycle ride, the rainbow, and the train to Berlin.

ABANDON hope, Cynthia. HILDA, RUBY and AL.

J.C.W. carpe diem — with love from a LITTLE MAID FROM SCHOOL.

DANDINI, the dancing moon monster duck, I love you.

GODSMARK CHRIS, fuaswn yn siwps hebddo ti. BYFF.

DARKMAN swathed in black robes...
to clarity underwater.

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KAT, I love and think of you every day. MR SEXY.

WARTY — forget business, I love you. THE MAGIC TONGUE.

JULIE — you make me silly
you leave me feeble
head on my pilly
love me at Keble.

S — love piggy wants to forage for truffles — R.

BOO, remember Mr Fuzzyhead — he's going to miss you. Love you always.

BARKING MAD Weybridge — lurve ewe, CHATSWORTH HEADBANGER.

MISSING YOU Mr Capable, love POLLY..

NO KISSES, only hugs.

SLUM LANDLORD we love you. THE FURRY BEACH BALL and ME.

MCTAVISH my funny Valentine. With love from your SITTING TENANT.

GORGEOUS, I will love you for ever. Be my Valentine. NUMBER 85.

SCRUMMY BEAR — yours forever. PIGGY.

PLOB luvs PLOBBY.

TO SNOOKUMS, can't wait until September, all my love SUSIE MOUSE!

TO GOOSE, love you forever. HAMISH.

CHUCKIE EGG — love and kisses on Valentine's Day. Happy birthday — OLGA.

CAT, my sweet sexy Valentine. WOMPSY.

OH FIRM Papped One – Love You Heaps. BIG KNOB.

THE EYES have it in Streatham.

THIS is yours.

ANNABEL. See you soon love SPEEDY.

MARTI – See you in June. Love BISMARCK & NAPOLEON III.

GORDANA — big thrills come in small packets! Let's merge — C.G.

P.G.C. and J.J. set sail together on a magnificent voyage...

PROTO-NEANDERTHAL won big bird and plucked her.

MARTIN BUNNY — furry bits forever burrowy!! XXXXXX

LITTLE ORCHID invites her prince for a romp anytime. Happy Valentines hunk SAYANG RAMBUTAN.

PO, remember the broom cupboard. Love GRUMPY.

BIZET, I miss you — CRICKET.

BARKIE, it's the hardest part of the day.

B.J. Not that we'll play at 15 years. E.H.

HUGS AND CUGGLES from Walrus, who loves you more than ever (warts and all!)

AUNTY JILL love GRANPA.

I LOVE L.S.D.

M. Still the BEST! Love you Googols. P.

FAN: Raindrops keep falling on our heads... S.

DOLLY-BIRD, let the wildebeast play their castanets, I love you.

BEST OF BEARS — do I love you or what? ANGEL.

SUSAN — night music fades but I'll always want your company — HOFFY.

CUDDLES, soon be June. Love KILTY.

MARK, BOO loves ya baby.

JAMES, happy bedlam Valentine. JEN.

SPITFIRE'S Daddy loves Bomber's Mummy.

I.T. love you always. Many foogligums. A.T.

BOB POINT is love. Make Thursday again, every time. A.

MISS POORE on reflection would rather you popped up than the photo maybe after sunset.

DAVID MILLS! Lovable and much loved.

CONRAD beastly much and always STUPE.

MATTHEW be my Valentine. J.P.L.

JANE your love is to me, what the sun is to the duke of petals on a rose. KAREL.

SWEETNESS, love you more than you ever, MORTICIA.

SPECIAL K, keep those XXXX's coming.

BAILEYS, my smile is broader. Not despite what we've been through, but because of it, and a few other things. BERTIE.

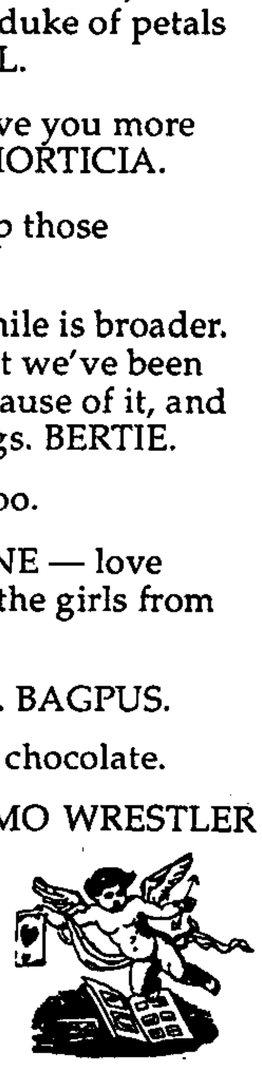
TIGGER loves Poo.

THE COLEHERNE — love and kisses to all the girls from ANDREW.

BEANNIE. Ditto. BAGPUS.

RIGBY, I will for chocolate.

LOVE to my SUMO WRESTLER from your little GEISHA GIRL.



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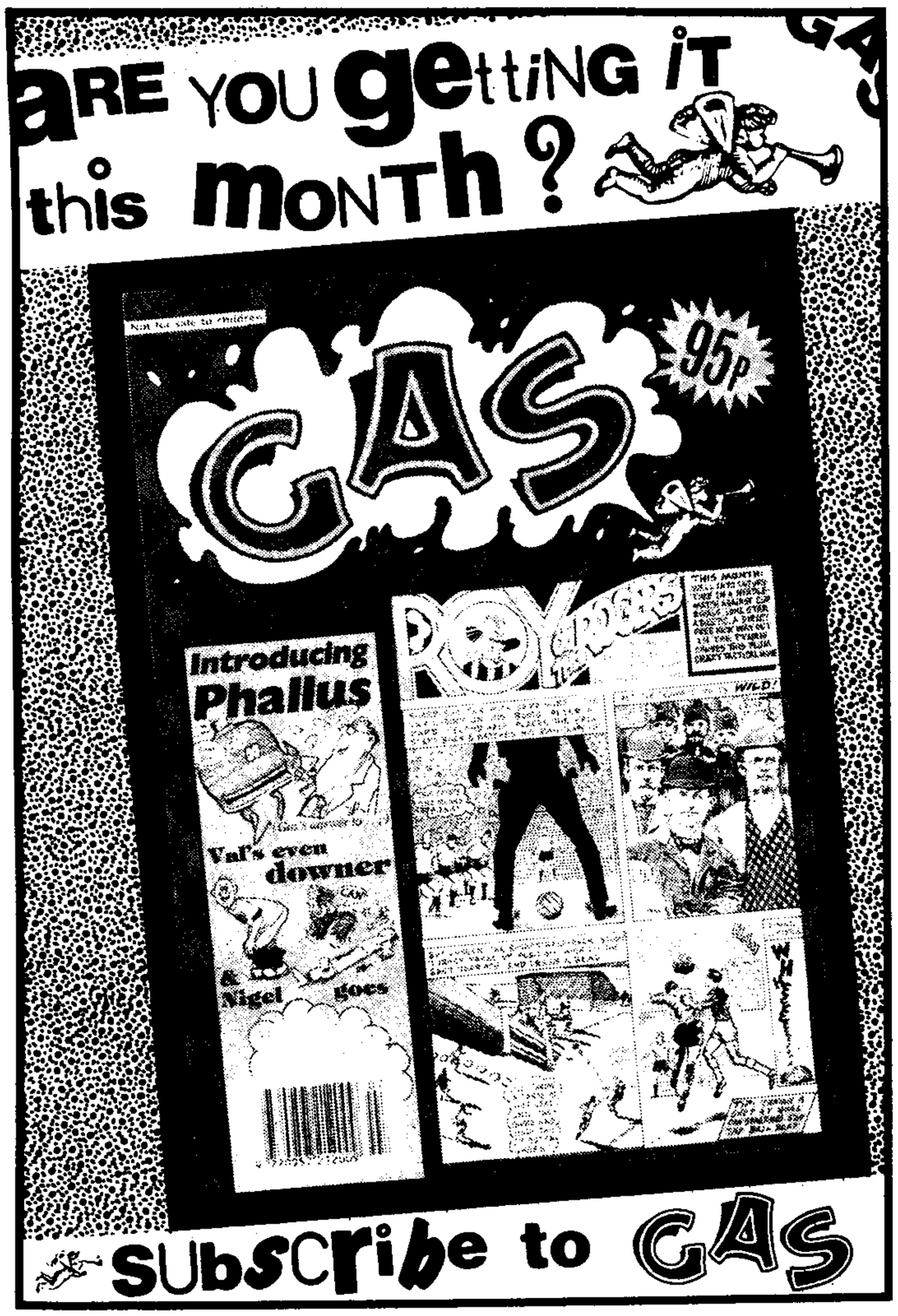

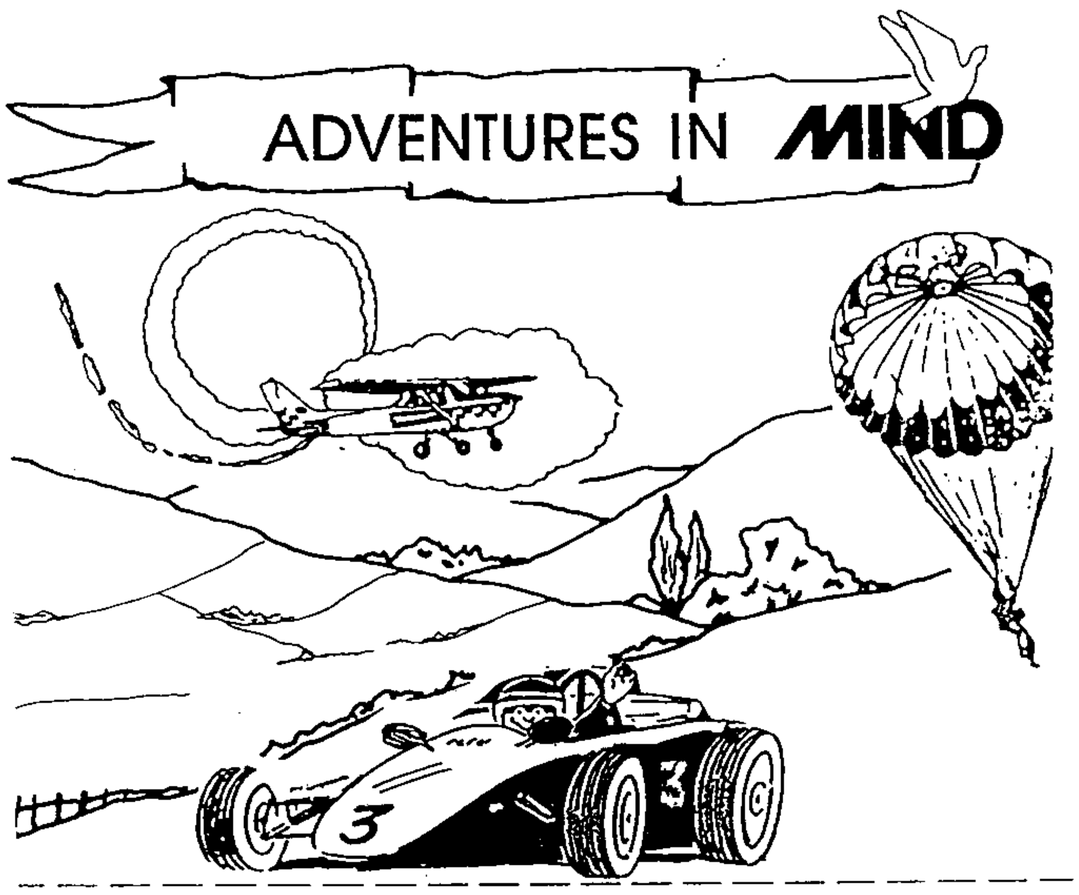

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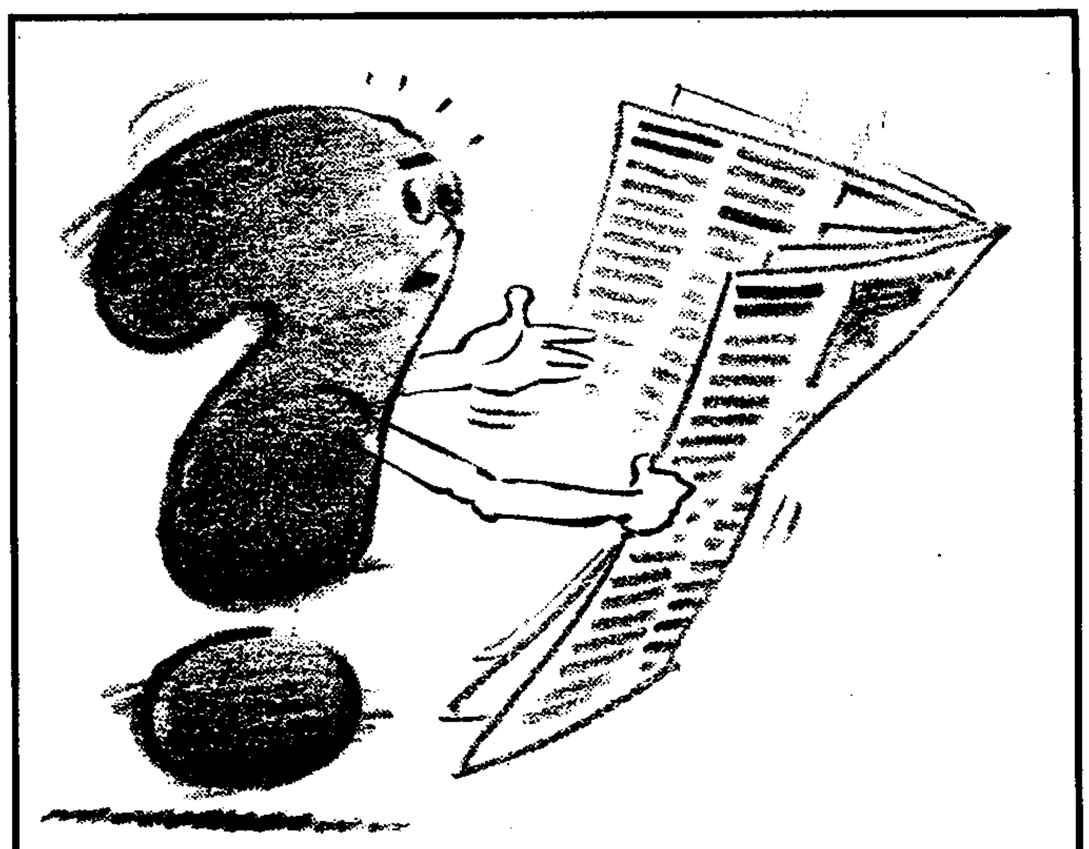

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